McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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SMETHPORT IS GIVEN NEW FIRE ALARM

Sixteen Hundred Pound Bell In Sixty Foot Tower

HON. HENRY HAMLIN THE DONOR.

Order Was Given Yesterday—Will be Delivered as Soon as Possible—Probably be Erected in Rear of Hose House—To Be Equipped With Modern Appliances.

Smethport is soon to have a new and efficient fire alarm, in fact one of the very best in this section of the State.

This much discussed question was definitely and quickly settled yesterday afternoon when a fire alarm agent came to Smethport for the purpose of selling one to the borough and received an order from Hon. Henry Hamlin for a sixteen hundred pound bell and a sixty-foot tower in which to place the same.

This came as a surprise to the committees of the borough council and fire department, the members of which have been worrying their brains for a long time in an effort to procure a thoroughly efficient and up-to-date alarm with the limited means placed at their disposal for this purpose. Now their troubles are over and a better alarm than was ever dreamed of is an assured fact.

The bell which has been ordered is six hundred pounds heavier than the one used in Port Allegany and four hundred pounds heavier than that used in Kane, both of which we understand, are amply efficient in alarming the firemen of these towns. The cost of the bell and tower, we understand, is $800.

Mr. Hamlin has always been very liberal in assisting Smethport in making permanent public improvements and especially generous in assisting in equipping our fire department. His donation of about three-fourths of the cost of our new fire engine made that handsome and serviceable piece of fire fighting apparatus possible, and the Henry Hamlin fire engine, as it was named in his honor, was the means of saving the whole eastern end of the business portion of the town shortly after it was purchased. And he has come to the assistance of the fire department on numerous other occasions in a very substantial manner. The people of Smethport owe Mr. Hamlin a debt of gratitude that is hard to repay.

UNDER THE COURT'S ORDER.

Bayless Property at Austin Sold For $50,000.

Coudersport, Pa., Feb. 18.—Under an order from Federal Judge Witmer at Scranton, Pa., F. E. Baldwin, of Austin, as master here yesterday sold at public auction to Henry A. Knapp, of Scranton, for $50,000, all that remains of the property of the Bayless Pulp & Paper company, the bursting of whose dam September 30, last, spread death and destruction through the village of Austin. The only bidder was County Attorney W. F. DuBois, who bid $5,000 to cover a claim for taxes by the county. Knapp acting for William G. Phelps, of Binghamton, N. Y., trustee under a mortgage for $50,000 executed about 10 years ago.

Attorneys for some of the Austin flood sufferers served notice on Baldwin just before the sale charging the mortgage was not valid, and asserting they were general creditors of the Bayless company; that the mortgage never had legal inception, and the pretended mortgage is now owned by the officers and directors of the Bayless corporation. They also gave notice of their intention of liquidating their claims by judgment and that they will attack the legality of the sale.

Low Rates to the West.

Pennsylvania Railroad: Tickets to Rocky Mountains, Pacific Coast, Western Canada, Mexico and Southwestern points on sale daily March 1 to April 14 inclusive, at reduced fares. Consult nearest Ticket Agent, or B. P. Fraser, D. P. A., 307 Main St., Buffalo.

Full line of samples of dress materials. Call and see them.

LENA YOUNG.

2t Room 1, Grange Bank Bldg.

BAND DANCE A SUCCESS.

Large Attendance, A Good Time and Goodly Sum Realized.

That the people of Smethport and vicinity appreciate its excellent musical organizations and especially the I. O. O. F. band, was fully demonstrated last Thursday evening by the crowd that turned out for the benefit dance given for this musical aggregation at the Lyceum. The big hall was crowded and as a result the I. O. O. F. band is about $150 to the good at this occasion.

Everybody who ever goes to a dance bought a ticket and was present to enjoy the festivities. And the crowd was not confined to Smethport alone. Nearly all the nearby towns were represented and a happier gathering or more enjoyable dance was never given in this place.

The Port Allegany band and a number of their friends from over the hill came to help the good cause along. The members of the band, after serenading several of our business places, joined with the home band and assisted materially in making music for the dancers, and right here we wish to say that it is very seldom—that Smethport people have had a chance to hear better music than was rendered on this occasion.

The people of Smethport did much to make this benefit dance a big success both socially and financially. Nearly all the food for the supper was donated and besides a goodly amount of cash was given to the soliciting committee, and the members of the band feel very grateful for the liberal support given them by the people of Smethport and surrounding towns.

The I. O. O. F. band, on the other hand, fully merits all the support it receives from our people. This organization has worked hard and faithfully to give this town a good band and no one will say that the members have not succeeded far beyond the expectations of all, and too much credit cannot be given the managers or the individual members.

WANTED, A HOME!

Some Timely Remarks on an Important Subject.

A while ago the daily papers announced the organization, in Spokane, Washington, of a "Stay at Home Club," the members of which pledge themselves to stay at home with their families three evenings of every week. This is truly refreshing news in this age of multiform organization, and in our land where institutionalism has well-nigh run mad. With deliciously American naivete it is added that "the movement is expected to spread all over the United States, and a national league is to be inaugurated."

As the one great thing that takes people away from home at nights, is the multiplying of organizations for all possible and impossible purposes, it is difficult to see how a great national league in the interest of staying at home can be successfully organized without taking its members away from home some few nights in the year at least. But, no doubt, the breezy alertness of Spokane will be able to meet this slight difficulty—possibly by a correspondence school.

Be that as it may, we rejoice in the launching of this last organization of our over-organized age. The true note that will help to solve most of our social ills has been struck at last. It has often been said that no question of principle is ever settled until it is settled right. So, no matter how many solutions may be proposed for any social evil, it can never stay solved except by a remedy based on the fundamental facts of human nature.

There is but one divine institution in the world—namely, the Family. Anything that weakens that, weakens society at its base. In saying this we do not ignore the Church, for the church is the family, lifted up and placed in its true relationship to God. Just as a man, as an individual, reflects in his person some of the qualities of God, so the ideal human family is in some measure a shadow of the divine Family—the eternal Trinity.

Are we exaggerating when we say that ours in largely a homeless age? The hurry, the bustle, the multiplied institutional claims of our day have caused us largely to seek satisfaction outside the home. Without realizing it, we have been lured or driven into varied phases of a social order that ignores the family. Our life is organized down to the minutest tendril of the social tree. The citizen of standing, the man of sufficient importance to figure in "Who's Who in Spokane," has his preobituary biography printed with a portentous list of clubs. Citizens of lesser standing have their commercial clubs and singing clubs. And, the "working man" (whoever he may be), has his unions and disunions of one kind and another, says the Living Church.

"From the homeless house the father goes to his golf club or his wine club, the mother to her whist club, her reading club, or her civic club; the big brother to his athletic or Greek letter club; the budding youth to his "frat," the budding girl to her sorority; even the so-called little tots to their "society." And last, the maid and the cook trip lightly out to their "Daughters" of various things; leaving the house to the rat—the only unorganized creature in the flat. Truly may we exclaim, with apologies to the late Lord Tennyson:

"Life and thought have gone away
Side by side,
Leaving door and window wide;
Careless tenants they!

"All within is dark as night:
In the windows is no light;
And no murmur at the door,
So frequent on its hinge before.

"Close the door, the shutters close,
Or through the windows we shall see
The nakedness and vacancy
Of the dark deserted house."

A LONE BANDIT.

Secured $2,000 Haul on a B. & O. Train Monday Night.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Feb. 19.—Westbound limited New York and St. Louis express train No. 1 was robbed by a masked highwayman at 10 o'clock to-night while climbing the eastern slope of the Allegheny mountains, on what is known as the 17-mile grade, 40 miles west of Cumberland, Md., and the occupants of a Pullman looted of about $1,000 and a lot of jewelry estimated at about the same value.

The robber climbed on the train while in motion and running at the rate of eight miles an hour, swinging onto the rear Pullman. Entering the car he placed a gun in the faces of the conductor and flagman and then firing two shots to terrorize the passengers, calmly relieved the occupants of the car of their money and jewelry, went to the front end of the car and swung off near Alvermont station, disappearing down the mountain side.

The Baltimore & Ohio railroad has ordered all the detectives of its Pittsburg division to the scene on a special train and notified all local authorities.

The robber is described as a foreigner 5 feet 10 inches in height, wearing black clothes and tan shoes.

SOME POETIC SLUSH.

Apple-green west and an orange bar,
And the crystal eye of a lone, one star;
And, "Child, take the shears and cut
what you will;
Frost to-night—so clear and still."
—Edith M. Thomas, in Harper's.

Pea-green pickle and orange hunk,
And the ragged rhyme of one mad or drunk.
You must confess this approaches Miss Edith's verse—but we can't sell this.
—Buffalo News.

Crushed pumpkin dawn and a lemon squeeze—
Child, lead your mother outdoors to freeze.

At stuff like this we could never fail,
But we'd never dare offer this stuff for sale.
—Judd Mortimer Lewis, in Houston Post.

Alice-blue cheese and a plate of tripe
And fourteen Chinamen hitting the pipe,
Verses like these make a bosum throb—
I hope it won't cause me to lose my job!
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Salmon-hued vests and a pale-blue tie—
Child, keep your fingers out of the pie!
Christmas is near. If I sell this, girlie,
You can do some of your shopping early.
—Edgar A. Guest, in Detroit Free Press.

Helen pink tights and an opera-glass—
Mother, throw me the dried prune sass,
Poets, to win success immense
Be sure that your verses make no sense.
C. G. G., in Judge.

Liver-spot brown and an office coat,
Take a razor and cut your throat.
You might as well do this as try
To live on the crust of an opal sky.
—A. B., Springfield Republican.

Mother, O mother, dost see what I see
Pale blue snails and a spotted Squee-gee!
Ashamed I'd be to charge for this goo—
Take it for nothin'—I wish it on you!
—Newton Newkirk, Boston Post.

"A rag, a bone and a hunk of hair,"
Edith is certainly a "pote" for fair.
We'll slip on the ice and slide out of sight,
Our line operator is some pumpkins in a fight.

To the Public.

The management and members of the I. O. O. F. band desire to thank you for the splendid benefit given them on last Thursday evening.

I. O. O. F. BAND.

FOUND—A black and tan hound. Owner can have same by proving propetry and paying charges. Address LOCK BOX 572,

2t Smethport, Pa.

FIREMEN'S BANQUET AND BALL MONDAY

Large Party Make Merry at the Lyceum Monday Evening.

COVERS LAID FOR 194 PEOPLE.

An Excellent Repast Was Served—Medal Presented to the Retiring President, Guy H. McCoy—Large Assemblage Enjoys Dancing Until a Late Hour.

The Seventh Annual Banquet and Ball of the Smethport Fire Department, an event that is looked forward to with pleasant anticipations, was held at the Smethport Lyceum on Monday evening, and to say that it was another great success, as these events have always been, is a mild statement.

At 7:30 the members of the Fire Department, their wives, sisters, sweethearts and friends commenced to gather and by 8 o'clock about 200 people were present. The hall was handsomely decorated with flags, bunting, fire apparatus and trophies of the department. Forty-nine tables, with covers for four at each table, were laid and red, pink and white carnations marked the places.

Promptly at 8 o'clock the large party which had gathered in the balcony and the boxes marched into the auditorium and took places at the tables. President B. F. Starsky asked Guy H. McCoy to pronounce the benediction after which all sat down to an excellent repast.

The feast over, President Starsky introduced John P. Devlin, who in the absence of Fred D. Gallup, had been chosen to address those in attendance and present the medal to the retiring president, Guy H. McCoy. Mr. Devlin spoke of the excellent and untiring service Mr. McCoy had rendered the Fire Department during the past four years Mr. McCoy has been the worthy presiding officer of this organization and pointed out some of the great improvements that have been brought about in this company under the administration of Mr. McCoy.

The medal was graciously accepted by Mr. McCoy and in his remarks he cited some more of the changes for the better that had been brought about in the past few years. And he stated that he was not going to "go back and sit down," as former presidents of the United States are usually expected to do, but was going to be right on the firing line whenever he could be of any service to the Smethport Fire Department. The giving of a medal to the retiring president is a new thing, but it is also a good idea. Heretofore it has only been the custom to present retiring chiefs with medals. The medal is very similar to those given chiefs in the past.

As soon as these remarks were finished the firemen commenced clearing the hall for the dance that followed, while the numerous waiters and the orchestra which had furnished excellent music during the dinner were served on the stage. Too much credit cannot be given Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Lindholm for the excellent repast which was served, and their small army of assistants who gave such prompt and efficient service.

Promptly at 10 o'clock everything was cleared away and to the inspiring strains of Chadwick's orchestra the dance was started. Everybody was in a pleasant mood and many of the large assemblage stayed until Home, Sweet Home was played at about 3 o'clock.

These banquets and social gatherings which have been in vogue for the past seven years have done much toward the upbuilding of the Smethport Fire Department. True, to this may be added the zeal and perseverance of the officers and many of the members. But the fact remains that six or seven years ago this department was not in a very prosperous condition. It had a fair membership and always did good work at fires, but it had not made very rapid strides forward for a few years previous to that time. This yearly gathering, supported by efficient management, seemed to put new life in the department and new members were taken in until now the Smethport Fire Department is one of the strongest organizations of its kind in the State of Pennsylvania. The total membership is about 150 and the active membership is right up to the limit of eighty and as a rule there are a number on the waiting list. This membership includes nearly all of the young business men in town as well as a number of the older ones and gives every citizen an unwavering confidence in the stapability of the organization.

A great deal of new equipment has been added to the department, among the most important of which are the Henry Hamlin Engine and the Chemical extinguisher cart. The department has been divided into various companies to man the apparatus and every bit of fire apparatus is now ably manned.

The only thing we now absolutely need is a new and efficient fire alarm, and that, thanks to the generosity of Hon. Henry Hamlin, is now on the way. When this is installed Smethport will be foremost in the fire fighting line.

WHITE SLAVERY IN BRADFORD.

Two Young Men Are Held For Court on This Charge.

Last Saturday's Bradford Era says: Two well dressed young Italians are in the lockup on suspicion of being guilty of "white slave" traffic. The names of the prisoners are Luigi Cervana and Tommy McGallow. May Cervana, alleged to be the wife of the former, is also in the city prison. Della Cole, 18 years old, a member of the quartet, is in the Bethesda home, she being in a delicate condition.

The two men and two women arrived in Bradford yesterday from Olean and the men placed the women in two local houses of ill repute, intending, it is claimed, to derive the "white slave" tribute in the way frequently described since the agitation against this form of infamy has become so widespread.

The Cole girl objected to the arrangement made and finding Officer Blake, told him the story of the outrageous proceedings. The girl was taken to police headquarters where she gave the details of the matter to Chief Mooney. The latter at once communicated with Corning, N. Y., the home town of the four persons involved and the authorities there verified the statements made so far as the Corning end of the affair was concerned.

"The Cole girl, it seems, was married to an American some months ago, but her husband abandoned her. Then she became acquainted with McGallow and it is alleged that she was married to that individual in Salamanca a few days ago. The Cervana woman formerly lived here in a resort, it is said.

Cevana and McGallow formerly conducted a saloon at Corning. Since leaving there with the women some days ago they have been in Hornell, Olean and Salamanca, looking for places of "employment" for the two women.

In the report of the hearing which was held on Monday the Era says: The court room was crowded by a curious crowd. Attorney John Fitzgibbon appeared for the two men and District Attorney T. B. Wilson represented the Commonwealth. Mrs. Della Cole and Mrs. May Cervana were sworn by the prosecution. Mrs. Cole told how she had left Corning, N. Y., and gone to Hornell, N. Y., where she met Mrs. Cervana. While there, at the home of Mrs. Cervana's mother, the two defendants joined them. They all went to Olean and communicated with the proprietors of houses of ill repute in Bradford by telephone, while in quest of places to have "employment." Subsequently they all came to Bradford and at the City building found that they could not secure a marriage license and they went to Salamanca where Mrs. Cole was married to Tommy McGallow by a justice of the peace. Then the two couples returned to this city and the men purchased clothing for the two women, one of whom went to a house of ill repute on East Main street, where she had formerly lived. The other (Della) went to a place on lower Corydon street. At this house Della says she soon became suspicious and notified a policeman.

Mrs. Cervana, who apparently was trying to shield Luigi Cervana, testified that Mrs. Della Cole McGallow had signified her desire to enter a house of prostitution.

The defense was unable to show that the game of the two defendants was on the square and Alderman Williams held both men for the grand jury and fixed the bail of each at $1,000. Mrs. Cervana was held for court in the sum of $200 bail as a witness and Mrs. McGallow will remain at the Bethesda Home.

LETTER FROM CHILI.

Miss Ada Burch Writes Entertainingly on That Country to the Readers of The Miner.

Concepcion, Jan. 16, 1912.

Editor McKean Co. Miner:

Dear Sir:

You will notice that this letter is behind time a little, but in this country one can always wait until "mañana" (to-morrow). I don't believe in it, myself—I mean in "putting off" letter writing, but in this case it was unavoidable. Just now the thought comes to me that this is not much like a January day at home. Here "Old Sol" is just beaming and looking, glowing intensely on us all and it is so hot that nothing could be more acceptable that a breath of fresh air. It has been a queer day—light and darkness have been strangely interwoven and all under one roof.

We have had as a guest a Mennonite preacher from the United States who is "looking over the ground" to see what the prospects are for establishing a mission of that church. A missionary from Portugal, and last but not least one of our own missionaries from Punta Arenees.

We have had a wedding. One of our teachers from Pennsylvania and another from West Virginia having united their fortunes and we have had a death a few moments after the wedding ceremony. Could sunshine and shadow be more strangely mingled?

Our schools closed a very successful year Dec. 21st. We are proud of our graduates and especially of the class of 1911. Another of our Alumni has left us for the "City not made with hands," so that we now have three members on the "other side."

We had our Christmas dinner the day after Christmas owing to there [illegible] Christmas. Can you imagine a Christmas under blazing rays of the sun with blooming flowers, etc.? Anyway, that's the kind of Christmas we had and the same spirit of "Peace on earth" and good will to all predominates among us. So it's Christmas under the "Southern Cross," just the same as in the dear far-away home-land. At our Christmas dinner were seated representatives from the following parts of the States and the world: Vermont, Ohio, West Virginia, Indiana, Michigan and New York, Pennsylvania, Porto Rico, Illinois, Wales, Scotland, Maryland, Holland and Chili.

I had hoped in this letter to be able to tell you some of the Conference news but owing to the illness of the Bishop in Callao, Peru, hospital Conference has been postponed until Feb. 14.

Everything now looks favorable for a fine harvest. The weather is just a trifle too hot for comfort but one can always find a cool spot somewhere in this big house. Just now the carpenters and masons have the right of way—for we are building the "Fowler Annex," a kindergarten with dormitories above on the other part of our campus.

This is only a reminder that I am still in "the land of the living," and that I still think of my friends and pupils in Smethport. In all these fifteen years The Miner has been a welcome visitor and I have tried to keep in touch with you all. I am anticipating my home-coming in the "near distant future," and if this effusion does not find its way into the capacious depths of the editorial waste-basket, may give you some pen pictures of my trip en route.

And now, wishing you all a Happy and Prosperous New Year, I will say,

"Hasta Lerego,"

ADA G. BURCH.

Casilla, 250, Concepcion, Chili.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES.

For Sale.

Three good work horses. For particulars inquire of

2t HEWITT BROTHERS,

R. F. D. No. 3, Smethport, Pa.

CURTISS A HERO OF HIS TOWNSFOLK

GLENN CURTISS IN HIS AIR

THE inhabitants of Hammondsport, N. Y., first headquarters of the first aero experimental association formed in this country and where Glenn H. Curtiss planned and developed his famous air crafts, know less about when local flights are to be made and about things aeroplane in general than do people living at far distances from that charming village. And these inhabitants have also a wonderful lack of knowledge of what is being done today, or what is proposed to be accomplished tomorrow in the workshops. Hammondsport is a small place—1,500 or so people—a place where everybody, according to the old saying, should know everybody else's business. But so far as aeroplane affairs are concerned their ignorance of and apathy toward one of the greatest of aviators and designers living in their midst is almost unbelievable.

You see, it's an old story with these people. Their apathy is only a natural consequence, for they have been treated to aeroplane flights for three years. When the Aero Experimental association was formed and trial flights were made every day that the weather permitted the people of Hammondsport turned out as one person—men, women and children. The field where the trial flights were made was located about four miles from the village and when it became noised about that a flight was apt to be made Hammondsport would be deserted for hours. Sometimes the people would be rewarded with the sight of an aeroplane flying ten feet or maybe a hundred feet at a distance of five or six feet from the ground. Once in a great while a machine would go a thousand feet or so. Often it would come to grief.

This was in the first year of the experiments—in 1907. Faithfully the people of Hammondsport followed the progress of the heavier-than-air machine with their individual eyes. When Mr. Curtiss flew 25 feet 1,000 people applauded and grew almost hysterical and there was a scramble among the

Alexander Graham Bell.

small boys to have the honor of carrying a message to a telegraph office which Mr. Curtiss wrote out to be dispatched to Dr. Bell in Nova Scotia. There were doubting Thomases, of course, but the vast majority of the people of Hammondsport were with Curtiss and the other aviators. For Curtiss had previously demonstrated that he had brains, skill and daring.

Hopefully the daily audiences watched. They saw the flights grow and grow—25 feet, 50 feet, 100 feet, 200 feet, 500 feet, 1,000 feet—until, on July 21, 1908, Curtiss flew a little over a mile. Telegrams had been sent to Dr. Bell giving the result of each flight, but none had the consequence of this dispatch announcing to him the "long flight." Up to that time it was the longest public flight made in America. A scientific journal had offered a prize of $1,000 to the first man who would fly one mile without mishap and this prize Curtiss and his associates were bound to capture. It had been agreed that Curtiss would make the attempt on July 4, 1908, and it was only the evening before that the distance had been safely negotiated for the first time!

Prior to that day of days, however, newspapers had been devoting considerable space to the experiments at Hammondsport, and as many as 20 newspaper men were there at one time. Several of these stayed for one, two and three weeks. Where there were so many reporters there must be something doing, thought the public wisely, and so as the fact that they were there became known people journeyed to Hammondsport daily throughout a radius of hundreds of miles. The hotels were packed from cellar to garret. Private houses had no trouble in renting rooms and furnishing meals. The good people of that village reaped a harvest that year. They have been reaping ever since, but less and less as time goes on. With the influx of so many strangers, all come for the same purpose, the natives gradually ceased to become excited themselves in witnessing the excitement of those strangers. Soon the inhabitants assumed an air something weary-like-sort of a bored demeanor, as it were.

And so it has gone for three years. It is a great privilege for the stranger to mingle personally with these natives who have actually ridden aeroplanes and have had such wonderful experiences—in their minds.

After listening awhile to these tales the stranger goes to the aerodrome field. There he finds a half dozen men working at an aeroplane—repairing rents in canvas, testing the engine, replacing ribs. These men are looked upon with awe. You see, they make aeroplanes. You watch them from the outside. The aeroplane is in a barn-like building with a huge door that slides just like a barn door, and this is open as the men work. Perhaps you may, in your eagerness, step inside to get a better view of what that fellow is doing with the soldering pot, but they don't notice you. They don't even notice you when they step on your feet. They have a very peculiar habit, these men of stepping on your feet.

Since 1908 hundreds and hundreds of flights, varying from 25 feet to several miles, have been made at Hammondsport, and so today the native pays little or no attention to flights. If he sees an aeroplane flying ahead of his he may follow it with his eyes until either he or the machine turns. If he has to turn around to follow its flight—well, he simply wouldn't turn. Aeroplanes to him are like automobiles on Broadway to a New Yorker. Three years ago the native eagerly picked up his daily paper and scanned it for a Hammondsport date line. Now aeroplane news appears not to interest him. Whereas he used to tramp four miles almost daily to the original aerodrome field, now he seldom, if ever, goes to the new field located right in the village—unless a game of baseball is to be played. The diamond is on the aerodrome field. The young men of the village play baseball while Curtiss or some other aviator, is circling over the field, and no errors are made through a fielder having his eye on the aeroplane. Dick Brown will tell you that once Aviator McCurdy, who some time plays center on a Hammondsport team, played that position in an aeroplane and made four put-outs and two assists out of six chances.

Millions of people would deem it a great boon to get just a glimpse of an aeroplane in flight. Thousands and thousands have gone great distances and spent much money to witness flights, and he who came back from one and told about it to his fellow citizens was looked up to. But the Hammondsport inhabitant doesn't turn his head. But they're proud of Curtiss.

When Curtiss evolved the aeroplane with which he has been so successful he interested Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, of Bell Telephone fame, who spends large sums of money for experiments, but who closes his purse when the experiments have reached a successful stage and the matter takes on a commercial aspect. Then the Aero Experimental association was formed. The aeroplane with which Mr. Curtiss flew down the Hudson to New York, and the one which he flew last summer from Cleveland and return are practically of the same make as the June Bug, built in 1908 and one of the first made.

The immediate surroundings of the aerodrome building, which houses the aeroplanes with which Mr. Curtiss broke many records and made his longest flights, are commonplace enough. A dozen cows roam the fields. With these cows the story is also old. The noises made by the engine and whirring of the propellor no longer cause them to lift their heads. As said before, the building itself is a barn-like structure, unpainted. Weeds grow abundantly. The men go about their work of making and repairing aeroplanes much as do others at digging potatoes—with no [illegible] seeming, that they are [illegible] objects that [illegible] of the whole [illegible]

MADE BRUIN PEEVISH

AMUSING INCIDENT IN MOUNTAINS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Bear Has Encounter With Swinging Beetle Which He Uses as Punching Bag and Comes Off Second Best.

A Pennsylvanian once witnessed a curious incident in the mountains of his state, wherein a black bear was the principal figure.

It appears that the winter before the wood cutters of the mountains had broken the handle of one of their tools, a beetle. A rope was tied about the beetle head and it had been left hanging to the low limb of a tree. The man who witnessed the spectacle happened to be in the vicinity one summer day, and, remembering the beetle, started after it to carry it home.

As he came near the place he saw a black bear slowly circling around the hanging beetle at a distance of a few feet. He was too much occupied to notice the man, who stopped to see what bruin was about.

The bear acted as if he thought the beetle were some kind of trap. He would approach within a few feet and sniff. Then he would back off a little way, squat on his haunches and give a low snort, eyeing the tool all the time.

While was thus engaged a sudden breeze sprung up and set the beetle swinging lightly. The animal snorted again and backed off a step or two. Soon another gust struck the beetle and swayed it still more. The bear responded by a louder snort—a sort of challenge.

As soon as the beetle stopped swinging bruin got up and circled about it several times. At length he went near—then nearer. He reached out his paw and touched the thing gently. As it swung toward him he hit it, this time rather forcibly.

The beetle head was a round one of hickory, with heavy iron rings at each end. As it rebounded from the second blow of the creature's paw it hit him fairly on the nose. Angry at this, he rushed at the beetle again and gave it a sounding blow. As it came toward him he dodged a little, just enough to save his nose and, receive the blow in his left eye! He hit it again, and his nose got another blow. That hurt so much that he growled angrily and rooted viciously in the leaves.

Bruin was furious by this time and went at that beetle as if he meant to annihilate it. He gave it a tremendous blow with his right paw, and the tool swung clear over the limb, came down on the other side, and struck him on top of the head. He uttered a roar that made the woods ring. Finally he caught the beetle in his paws, pulled upon it until he broke the rope, and then went to cuffing and biting the tool.

When he found that it did not fight back any more bruin let it fall to the ground. Then he shook himself and walked off into the woods.

Further Study of Mars.

Photographing through colored screens is the new method of studying Mars that has been undertaken by Tikhoff at the Pulkova observatory. Four different screens were used—transmitting respectively red, red and orange, orange and yellow, and green—and in the 30-inch equatorial telescope they produced good photographs of very small size. The red and the green filters gave strikingly different results. On the plates that were exposed under the red, the continents are much brighter than the south polar cap, while the seas are very dark and the canals are best seen. The pictures that were taken under the green show the south polar cap as the brightest object, and the seas are grayish. A study of the polar cap has made it appear greenish instead of white. The interesting conclusion has been reached that at the time the photographs were made the cap was ice instead of snow, and this view has been confirmed by experiments on the absorption spectrum of ice and in photographing sand, snow and ice.

Bowing in 1780.

If you bow to anyone passing by, do it in this manner: Raise the right hand to your hat gracefully.

Put your forefinger as far as the crown, and your thumb under the crim, and then raise it from your head gracefully and easily.

Look at the person you bow to, and hold your body gently forward.

Hold your left arm straight down at your side, neither drawing it forward nor backward.

Move the right leg, if the person goes by on the right side, and keep the other firm.

If the person goes by on the left side, move the left leg, and keep the right firm.

Let your body be bowed moderately, not too much.—November Atlantic.

Nature's Washrooms.

On a tiny, rocky isle in Clear Lake, California, there is a perpetual soda fountain, from which gushes better soda water than the chemists can produce. Furthermore, here are natural wash tubs and washing machines and, in some places, even ready-made soap. In the Yellowstone National Park the family wash may be put into a stout bag that may be hung in one of the boiling springs and left there while the owner goes about his business. When taken out the clothes are so clean and white that no rinsing is necessary.

Their Conspiracy

By Clarissa Mackie

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"We must do all we can to prevent their falling in 'love,'" said Agatha Downing to her husband.

Tom Downing smiled understandingly. "I might hint to him that Rosamond is extravagant. Of course she isn't, but if Peter Howard thought we were framing up a conspiracy for him to meet a certain girl—object matrimony—he'd turn gruffy at once and go home."

"So would Rosamond—if she suspected anything of the sort. She has always said she never would marry. She is devoted to her profession, you know."

"I believe the witch knows that her uniform is the most becoming thing she can wear," declared Rosamond's cousin.

"Of course she does, Tom! I do think a nurse's dress is the sweetest thing—those white gowns are most becoming to Rosamond. I couldn't wear them, I'm so yellow," sighed Mrs. Downing, looking at her husband under thick black lashes.

"Yellow's mighty becoming to you, Agatha," he said gallantly. "You know I don't care for pink and white beauties, myself—but if I should be taken sick and you were not able to attend upon me please remember that my last wish was that my pretty cousin Rosamond is to don cap and gown and administer the doses."

"By that time I hope she will have given up nursing and be sensibly married to Peter Howard."

"Am I sensibly married?" inquired Tom innocently.

"You are happily married," smiled Agatha from under her lashes again.

"If I am happily married—I beg pardon, darling—as I am happily married, why not have poor Peter happily mar-

"You Are Happily Married"

ried instead of just sensibly married?" he asked.

"Why, don't you see, dear, if he's happily married he's sensibly married too!" cried Agatha triumphantly.

"Granted that—let's get down to the horrible details of the conspiracy. They will both arrive on the same train. You will meet Rosamond and I will meet Peter. On the way home, in our respective taxis, you will proceed to hint apologetically to Rosamond that we are entertaining an old college friend of mine—a furry old grind, who detests women who take up any vocation and thinks the only place for the fair sex is in the bosom of a family. For my part, I'll let Peter understand that Rosamond is frothy minded and extravagant, and the last girl any sensible man would want for a wife. That ought to fix things!"

"It will. They will fall in love at once, men are so contrary minded," sighed Agatha.

Tom rose and consulted the time table. "Come along, Agatha, train will be due in thirty minutes, and we've got to find a taxi."

"Queer, isn't it, about their both choosing the same train?" mused Agatha as she put on her hat.

"Begins to look as if fate were going to step in and quash our conspiracy—eh?"

"You can laugh, Tom Downing, but it is singular. Two perfect strangers, such as they are—both invited to spend a week here in another city, where there is a conspiracy afoot to have them fall in love with each other—and both innocently choosing the same train to come down to their—"

"Horrible fate," he finished.

At the train the Downings had two taxicabs in waiting; one was to convey Mrs. Downing and Tom's cousin and the other was to hold Tom and Peter Howard.

When Mrs. Downing first caught sight of Rosamond Ferrin's tall, graceful form, she was stepping side by side with Peter Howard, although they appeared to have been so situated by the jostling of the crowd rather than by design.

"Rosmand, you darling!" cried Agatha, pouncing on Rosamond and hurrying her toward the waiting cab.

"Did you have a horrid trip down?" asked Agatha, when they were bowling uptown.

"Not at all—it was lovely. I am so glad to see you, Agatha," said Rosamond in her low, sweet voice. "How is Tom?"

"Very well, thank you. Oh, I must tell you, dear, we have a guest,—I hope you don't mind," apologized Agatha. "I know you wanted a perfect rest and to be quite alone with us, but I'm sure he won't bother you because he doesn't care for women any way, and especially the woman with a vocation. You mustn't mind if he doesn't notice you much."

"Dear me, I shan't mind a particle unless it's some one I care especially about," laughed Rosamond. "Pray who is the horribly unpleasant man?"

"Peter Howard—a friend of Tom's."

"Oh," said Rosamond, and for a while she sat very quiet. "If he is as unpleasant as you say I'm sure there is no danger that we shall bore each other very much."

"I know you don't care for men," went on Agatha.

"I don't—for many," admitted Rosamond.

"I'm sure you won't care for Peter Howard—he's a dear, and we think a lot of him, and he's as handsome as a picture, but he's crusty."

"Crusty?" Rosamond was laughing. "You mean disagreeable?"

"Yes, not the sort one would want to marry, you know," chattered Agatha, thankful to see the doorway of their apartment house.

"Oh!" repeated Rosamond in a puzzled tone.

When they reached the Downings' apartment Tom and Peter Howard were talking in the guest's room. Agatha rushed Rosamond down the hall into the pretty room prepared for her, and as the girl removed the traces of travel and dressed for dinner they talked animatedly.

Just as the gong in the hall announced that the meal was served the four met in the parlor, and Mrs. Downing performed the necessary introductions.

She exchanged a lightning glance of appreciation with her husband as their guests stiffly acknowledged the introduction, and so they went into dinner.

The conversation became general as the meal progressed, but it was Peter Howard's absentmindedness that exploded a bomb of surprise upon his matchmaking host and hostess.

"Rosamond will remember," said Peter in response to some question of Tom's.

"Rosamond!" repeated Agatha, with a quick glance at the girl's lovely, flushed face.

"Rosamond—our Rosamond?" boomed Tom, amazedly looking from Rosamond's face to Peter's grinning, sheepish countenance.

"Nay," said Peter firmly, "not your Rosamond—but mine! Nine o'clock this afternoon, when [illegible] quietly married in [illegible] church." He looked [illegible] Rosamond placed her pretty [illegible] within it. Peter lifted [illegible] and showed there a wedding [illegible] shone below as blazing [illegible]

"I fell in love with Rosamond when she nursed me through typhoid last winter and I've been begging her to marry me ever since. When we found we had both been invited down here at the same time—we decided to make a wedding journey out of it and surprise you!" He glanced triumphantly around.

"It's a surprise all right!" ejaculated Tom, shaking hands violently with the bridegroom.

"But why did you talk so dreadfully to me about Peter?" inquired the bride reproachfully, as she withdrew herself from Agatha.

"And why did you warn me against Rosamond?" demanded Peter suddenly.

The conspirators glanced at each other and blushed.

"Hah!" cried Peter with sudden enlightenment. "Matchmaking, eh? An old game, my children!"

"I didn't believe a word of it, anyway," declared Rosamond, as she slipped her hand in her husband's.

"Neither did I," confessed Agatha.

DELICATE BIRDS' NEST SOUP

Some Interesting Facts About This Favorite Dish of the Chinese Epicure.

Uninitiated people are apt to think of birds' nest soup as a most disgusting stew of twigs, feathers and what not. As a matter of fact, the nest used by the Chinese is a very delicate, semi-transparent, gelatinous substance, built by the swallow-like birds known as the salangane. The nests are found in the islands about Siam and the Malay Archipelago, and the harvest in the year 1909 was 18,000 pounds, valued at over $100,000. It used to be thought that the nest was formed of inspissated saliva secreted by the highly developed glands of the bird. Now it is known that the nest is made of a species of alga gathered by the bird.

The season for harvesting the nests lasts from April until September. It takes three months to build the first nest, and just before the eggs are laid the nest is stolen by the collector. The bird immediately sets about the building of a second nest, taking 30 days for the work. This is also stolen before the eggs are laid. The third nest, however, is unmolested, and the birds are permitted to raise their young, after which the nest is taken and sold.

In preparing birds' nest soup the nest is washed in cold water and then cooked for eight hours in a closed vessel, after which it is mixed with chicken broth, seasoned and boiled for a quarter of an hour. Occidentals who have tried the soup find it palatable and much resembling chicken soup.

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 22, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Washington's birthday.

—Fry & Comes advertise new ginghams and new printed wash goods in this issue.

—Constable Dilley, of this place, and State Game Warden Hockenberry, who have been traversing the woods of Elk county for the past few days, succeeded in capturing several foreigners who have no regard for the law. Their guns were taken from them and they were fined.—Kane Republican.

—Bertha L. Wheeler, employed as a cook at the Hotel Weaver, in Bradford, has been notified that she is an heiress, an uncle of large means having died in Baltimore, leaving her $50,000. Miss Wheeler received a letter from a Baltimore attorney last week advising her of her good fortune, and she has gone to Baltimore to look after her interests.

—Notice has been served upon District Attorney Wilson that an application will be made for the continuance of the murder case against Joe Zaffino, who is charged with killing a fellow workman at Clermont, to the June term. If this case is continued there will be no murder cases tried at court next week, arrangements already having been made for the continuance of the Bradford murder case.

—While walking the corridors of the State Hospital for the Insane at North Warren last Wednesday, Dr. G. W. Rea, a former resident of Bradford, fell dead of heart failure. He had been a patient at the hospital since July 29, 1910, of a chronic disease and was considered incurable. He was up around the ward and had made no complaints. He was 67 years of age and is survived by a daughter.

—Bradford Era: Many a poor young man can not pay his bills because of his supposed social duties. These "duties" are to expend good money for amusements, pleasures and appearances. If a man can really afford these things, nobody need find any fault. But when a person is in financial straits he should pay for his necessities first and let his amusements and pastimes take second place.

—Mrs. Agnes McCarty, mother of David McCarty of Mt. Jewett, and Mrs. Steven McLafferty of Hazelhurst is lying seriously ill at the home of the latter, suffering from heart trouble complicated with other ills incident to advanced age. Mrs. McCarty is in her 76th year. Her condition was such Thursday night that it was not expected she would live until morning, but she rallied slightly, and is resting easy today—Friday.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—Miss Nellie Gill, cook at the Wright House, met with a painful accident last Sunday morning while performing her duties. When she opened the oven door a mass of gas flames burst out, burning her hands, arms and face quite painfully. A physician was called and dressed her injuries and yesterday she had sufficiently recovered to return to her duties. She is unable to explain how the escaping gas collected in the oven and took fire as soon as she opened the door.

—Attorney D. U. Arird, representing John M. Andrews, appeared before Judge Hinckley Monday forenoon with a motion for a change of venue for the second trial of the case against Mr. Andrews. Supporting the motion was a large number of affidavits from citizens of Warren county and a volume of newspaper clippings. The argument occupied most of the forenoon. District Attorney Lyon asked that he have time to answer these affidavits. Judge Hinckley said he would fix a day for further hearing.

—Earl Sandt, Erie's boy aviator, crossed the frozen lake at Erie on Tuesday establishing a record for American overwater flights, making the 28 miles between Erie and Long Point, a small Canadian village directly across the lake in 35 minutes. Sandt made the trip especially at the request of George Oberholtzer, the government weather observer at Erie, to report on upper air currents. At 5:50 p. m. Sandt started on the return trip from the Canadian side, but lost his way over the lake in the darkness. Finally his engine stopped while at an elevation of 2,000 feet and he was obliged to volplane down, landing ten miles from shore. The machine struck the ice with considerable violence and was damaged, but the aviator escaped injury.

—On the night of November 4 last there was a holdup near Bradford in which Paul and Lewis Zzaska, Michael Hobowski and Stev Mazkovtak were pounced upon and brutally beaten and robbed by three men. Two of the assailants, Domonick Cigar and Camona Ansona were subsequently convicted and they are now serving a seven-year sentence at the penitentiary. On the night of the assault, the third man got away and was at large until Monday morning when word came from Johnsonburg that the fugitive was in custody there, and he was brought to Smethport and lodged in jail. The capture is largely due to the untiring efforts of County Detective Jones. Last night Detective Jones came home with two of the laborers he located near Franklin, who will testify in the case.

—Saturday's Star-Record says: A Rocky mountain lion, being shipped from San Antonio to the zoo at Buffalo, escaped from its cage in the car of an Erie train near Meadville yesterday and proceeded to a chicken coop where it was endeavoring to provide itself with a chicken dinner, when Baggagemaster Kellam, of Salamanca, discovered the animal. Kellam managed to get to the express compartment without offending his unwelcome guest and securing his revolver dispatched him to the happy hunting grounds with a well directed bullet. The dead animal was placed in the cage and sent on to Buffalo. The Wells Fargo express company in Bradford received a shipment of chickens yesterday consigned to a local meat market. Upon examination it was discovered that two of the birds were dead, and across the waybill was written: "Two chickens killed by a Rocky mountain lion in express car."

FREEING THE SLAVE

OLD JOE DIDN'T TAKE IT IN THE ORTHODOX MANNER.

Instead of Weeping and Begging to Stay, He Gave Out Yell, Ran Away and Never Was Heard of Again.

All present had heard, ever so many times, those good old stories of how the slave of ante-bellum times, when told that he was free—"Yes, free, Scipio"—had thrown himself, sobbing, at his master's feet, and begged, with tears in his eyes, that he be not sent away—that he be allowed to serve the family in any capacity until the end of his days. Therefore all present looked wise and resigned when the southerner launched on his story.

"Down at our old home, in the south," he said, "there was an old negro called Joe who had been on the place as far back as any of us could remember. In fact, so long had he been there that he had grown to be just like a member of the family. We children included him in all our games and treated him exactly as we would any other playmate, while his long years of service had earned him every sort of special consideration from the grown folks.

"So meritorious was Joe that my father decided one day to make him a free man. He went about the necessary formalities quietly, and, when all was ready, resolved to give the thing a dramatic setting.

"So he called the family together, likewise his slaves, and when they were all there, grouped impressively about him, he summoned Joe.

"The faithful old slave appeared.

"'Joe,' said my father solemnly, 'you have served us long and well. We have a great affection for you.'

"We all beamed approval. Joe's face grew puzzled.

"'I feel that we should show that affection in some substantial way,' continued my father. Then, after a short pause, he said:

"'Joe, you are a free man.'

"Joe did not seem to understand. He looked at my father and then at the rest of us in a bewildered way.

"'Joe, you are not sold. You are no longer a slave. I am no longer your master,' said my father.

"The slave's face began to clear.

"'Free?' he queried.

"'Yes,' said my father.

"For one moment Joe stood there. Then—"

In his turn, the southerner made a dramatic pause, even as his father had done before him. His auditors were listening, bored but polite.

"Then," he continued, "that negro gave one ungodly yell, swung his cap about his head, and without so much as saying 'goodby' dashed out of the house as fast as his legs could carry him. We never so much as heard of him again."

Insurance and Hymen.

Grasse, a German authority on race biology and life insurance, in a recent number of the Journal for Life Insurance Examiners, is of the opinion that life insurance may be made to play an important part in the prevention of the union in marriage of sickly or otherwise unsuitable individuals. He holds that the public should be educated to expect that every prospective bridegroom and bride be insured before marriage; if insurance were denied to either one it should be necessary to prove to the parents of the bride or bridegroom, as the case might be, that the grounds for the refusal of insurance were not equally strong grounds against entering into the married state. Grasse says if this custom should become universal life insurance would become a great factor in the preservation of the strength and health of the race. Evidently Germany is doing some good thinking in other lines than in merely developing the commerce of the nation, and has a most practical way of presenting the case in insurance as well as in other lines. "The proper study of mankind is man."

Poor Sophia's Case.

Dr. Ronald H. Curtis, the well-known zoologist, said in a recent lecture in Charleston:

"I take no stock in all these yarns about the disinterested affection of animals. An animal's affection is parasitic—your dog loves you because you feed it. Analyze these yarns about animal affection, and they turn out like Sophia's case.

"There was a rich old maid who had an ill-natured cur named Sophia. The old maid died, leaving her fortune to her nephew, who had lived with her. I met the nephew one day, and ventured to offer him my sincere sympathy. He said:

"'Yes, it's sad. And the morning after my aunt's decease the dog, Sophia, also died.'

"'Grief, I suppose?' said I.

"'No,' said he; 'prussic acid.'"

Railway Clerk's Specialty.

Among the voluntary helpers in the work of compiling the Oxford English dictionary, the most learned authority on words and phrases of the Elizabethan period, according to Dr. R. A. Miers' principal of London university, was a railway clerk.

Practical Philosophy.

"My husband worries so over the gas."

"Tell him he ought to make light of it."

The Third Man

By Annie Hinrichsen

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press)

The man kneeling at the river's edge, vigorously washing his hands, turned at a sound behind him.

A woman stood a few feet from him. In the dim light he could see that she was young and that her eyes were large and dark and full of wonder.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"Washing my hands."

"To remove evidences of a crime?"

The man started. "How did you know?"

The girl sat down on a log near him. "A man does not wash his hands in the river at night, unless he desires to remove from their proofs of a wicked deed. Was it a very great crime?"

The man raised his hands to his face, examined them carefully, sniffed at them and plunged them again into the water. "It was a dastardly deed," he averred.

"Tell me about it. You can trust me."

He dried his hands on his handkerchief, turned the collar of his long coat up around his ears, drew his soft hat over his eyes and sat down on the sand near her. "Lady," he said, "the details of my crime are unfit for gentle ears."

"Are you an habitual criminal?"

The man pondered. "If tonight's work may be called the result of my natural inclinations, I may say that I am an habitual criminal."

"I have always wished to know a social outlaw."

"Why?"

"Because I am an adventurer, a person who seeks new experiences. I came to the city a few months ago from a provincial little town. I cannot afford to travel and see foreign lands. I must find my adventures in the city among new types of people.

"Can't We Be Friends?"

Tonight I came here to the river hoping to find something interesting, a despairing girl or a starving waif. I found the character I most desire to study, a criminal."

"Little country girl," said the man, slowly, "you wish to see life's thousands of types and the environs of these types. How far would your adventuring spirit carry you?"

"Into every crack and corner of the world."

"Would you like to visit the haunts of criminals?"

"Yes, I should," she began impetuously.

He stopped her. "Would you really like to travel the paths that lead through habitations of lawbreakers, and the darker paths that lead through the minds of these malefactors? Do you wish to study a people who have no regard for human life or the rights of others, to whom ideals and honor of any sort are unknown?"

"I thought I did," said the girl uncertainly. "But I was mistaken. When you speak as you do, you make that sort of adventuring seem very dreadful."

The man laughed. "Good for you. I didn't think you would care to associate with thieves and sluggers." He threw open his coat, pushed back his hat and stood before her, tall, broad-shouldered, with wide forehead, steady laughing eyes, and a mouth and chin which held no lines of weakness or cruelty.

"You are not a criminal. But you said—"

"I said I had committed a dastardly deed. I had. Out there in the river is the yacht of a stubborn man, one of my best friends. He intended to sail to the West Indies in the morning, although three of us desire him to remain in New York for a bachelors' dinner tomorrow. We three made his yacht temporarily uninhabitable. We carried on it tonight while he was away several bushels of sliced onions and carefully strewed them where they would be most inconveniently odorous. He will not sail tomorrow. My horse is up there on the drive. The others left me here. The perfume on my hands was so strong that I decided to remove it at once. You discovered me."

She rose from the log and without a word walked up the path which led to the street. He hurried after her.

"Don't be angry with me," he pleaded. "I am awfully sorry I have offended you. For both of us it was an adventure."

"An adventure!" she blazed. "It was a cruel joke. All the time you were laughing at my ignorance and silliness. You are worse than a criminal. A criminal would not have laughed at me."

"I have not laughed at you. Even if you do regard me as a malefactor I shall take you to your home. It is too late for you to be out alone."

In silence they walked the few blocks to her boarding house. At the steps she vouchsafed him a nod and closed the door before he could detain her.

A few days later she saw him in the subway. The next day he sat near her in the elevated. Several times he overtook her in the park.

"I have watched for you and followed you," he told her frankly one day. "Can't we be friends? Can't you be just a little kind to me?"

"I liked my criminal. You are another person. You are a young man with great wealth and nothing to do except to ridicule ignorant country girls. For the man who humiliates a woman there can be no forgiveness. If you could appear to me in a new light, as a different man, perhaps I could like you. But now you are to me only the man who ridiculed me."

In the Children's court Florence Gately listened to the questions the judge was asking a small boy. The judge finished his examination and turned to a young man sitting near him. A few words passed between them, and the little prisoner left his chair and sat down beside the young man.

"Gordon Amherst has added another kid to his collection," said a lawyer sitting near Florence. "When he thinks a little unfortunate has decent stuff in him he asks for him, the judge paroles the child to him and he takes him to his place up in the country; it is half school, half home. He has made good citizens out of many little reprobates."

That afternoon Gordon Amherst overtook Florence in the park.

"Why didn't you tell me something about yourself?" she demanded. "Why didn't you tell me that you are doing a wonderful work for those poor little urchins? I did not know of it until this morning when by chance I went into the Children's court. I knew a criminal, then a cruel man who ridiculed and humiliated me. Now I know a new man, a third man, different from any other man I have ever known and—and better. If the third man wishes to ridicule me for being too silly and ignorant to understand him, I shall not be angry. I deserve his ridicule."

But in Amherst's laugh there was no ridicule, nothing but a perfect joy and a great tenderness.

FIRST NICHOLAS AND ITALY

Russian Emperor Made Overtures to Both Mazzini and Garibaldi for Liberation of Italy.

Now that Italy is "the order of the day" it may not be uninteresting to recall that Nicholas I. made overtures both to Mazzini and Garibaldi for the liberation of Italy from Austria. The overtures made by the czar to these patriots are disclosed in "the archives of the Third section" at St. Petersburg. A part of the story was told by Garibaldi himself who, coming out from his habitual reserve, said to a young officer at the moment Europe was preparing for the campaign in the Crimea, that an emissary of Czar Nicholas had come to him to propose a political movement in the Lombardy-Venetian provinces. The czar already saw an adversary in this power and wished to make a diversion. On this subject a writer in L'Etoile du Sud, a French paper published in Rio de Janeiro, says: "The czar later offered to place at Mazzini's disposal several million of rubles on the condition that the Italian movement should be clearly monarchical. The czar would accept the fall of the Bourbons and would consent to lend his aid to Mazzini only on condition that he should work for the triumph of the house of Savoy.

"The czar knew the Sardinian states were hostile to him, but flattered himself, perhaps, that he could conciliate them. Mazzini averred that he had no repugnance to allying himself with autocratic Russia, that he was ready for a pact with any one, no matter whom, even the devil himself, to combat the enemies of Italy—Austria and the pope. He, however, presented a condition to the czar that the Russian would not accept—that Italy when delivered from her enemies should be a republic. Nicholas could not subscribe to that condition and the 'pour-parlers' ended.

"'But,' said Mazzini, after a pause, 'can you guess, gentlemen, who the emissary was that the czar sent to me from St. Petersburg to propose this extraordinary alliance? It was Tamberlik! Tamberlik, the celebrated tenor of the Italian opera at St. Petersburg, and for this delicate mission the czar could not have chosen a better embassador.'"

A Spanish Industry.

An important industry and one peculiar to Spain is the manufacture of the jute and hemp sandals called "alpargatas." Practically all of the working classes use this cheap and comfortable form of footwear almost exclusively the year round. Alpargatas are also popular in Latin America, to which thousands of pairs are exported annually. The alpargatas is made by winding the hemp or jute rope around to form a small foot-shaped mat and by then firmly fastening the cords together a strong rope sole about a quarter of an inch thick is made.

WE SHALL do so much in the years to come,
But what have we done today?
We shall give out gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give today?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in place of fear,
We shall speak with words of love and cheer,
But what have we done today?

—Nixon Waterman.

SUGGESTIONS AND ECONOMIES.

When washing windows or mirrors do not use soap, but instead a little ammonia or alcohol, which will make them shine.

Rub the bottom of a dish that must be used in the fire with lard and the smut will be easily wiped off.

A delightful invalid drink is made by blending a half cup of grape juice with a cup and a half of strong lemonade.

If the cake flavoring has been forgotten, sprinkle a little over it as it is in the pan before baking.

Figs and dates with a few raisins make a delicious combination with chopped apples for a salad.

Four to six drops of either camphor or turpentine dropped on loaf sugar will relieve a cold if taken in the beginning.

Instead of sewing hangers on towels for the kitchen, make button holes in the corners and they will last as long as the towels.

The flavor of a cup of cocoa is improved if a few drops of vanilla are added to it.

A good floor cleaner is turpentine rubbed into the hard wood floor and followed by a cloth wet with linseed oil.

When a kettle has food burned on never scrape it, but put soda and water to the dish and boil slowly until the burned mixture is softened and easily removed.

In extreme cases of insomnia a hot water bag at the feet and an ice bag at the back of the head will afford quick relief.

Nellie Maxwell.

Grange National Bank

Smethport - - - Pa.

Assets..... $565,150.00

We solicit your account.

IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer
Smethport, Pa.

Just Received

A new stock of goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block, opposite Fry & Comes, I am prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging. Millinery and 5- and 10-cent counter. Give me a call.

May Chadwick,
Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
Terms—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.
ADVERTISING RATES.
Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column, per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.
Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.
Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.
Address all communications to
HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 22, 1912.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Editor Miner:—Please announce my candidacy for Congress from the Twenty-First congressional district, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries in April.

CHARLES E. PATTON.

Curwensville, Pa., Jan. 10, 1912.

I hereby announce that I a ma candidate for nomination to the office of representative in Congress from the 31st Pennsylvania district, subject to the action of Republicans at the primaries, in said district, April 13, 1912.

WILLIAM T. DE HAAS.

Clearfield, Pa., Feb. 9, 1912.

For State Senator.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for renomination for the office of State Senator, to represent the 25th Pennsylvania senatorial district, subject to the action of the Republican voters of Potter, McKean and Tioga counties, at the primaries, April 13, 1912.

FRANK E. BALDWIN.

Autsin, Pa., January 22, 1912.

State Delegate.

Editor Miner:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Delegate to the Republican State Convention, subject to the usages of the Republican party at the primaries to be held on Saturday, April 13, 1912.

H. E. GAFFNEY.

Bradford, Pa., Feb. 5, 1912.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the position of delegate from McKean county, to the Republican State convention, subject to the action of Republican voters at the primaries April 13.

JAMES A. CONNELLY.

Ludlow, Pa., Feb. 6, 1912.

Several thousand people are homeless and damage to property aggregating about $7,500,000 has been done by a fire which yesterday ate its way through a section of Houston, Texas, a quarter of a mile wide and about a mile long. The fire was sped on its way by a blizzard blowing at the rate of 50 miles an hour, and burned from 1 o'clock in the morning until about 11 o'clock before the firemen succeeded in getting control. Two hundred and fifty working men's homes and stores were burned and although many people were injured, there were no fatalities. The greater part of the loss was occasioned by the destruction of cotton compresses and warehouses filled with the staple and by the burning of many lumber mills with their immense yards and other manufacturing plants.

In Warren county, Pa., the Andrews case is again the subject of general discussion. Andrews has been convicted of murder in the first degree and the majority of the people firmly believe that he is guilty. He has been granted a new trial and is asking for a change of venue. He claims to be innocent. But if the commonwealth makes as strong a showing at the man's second trial as it did in the first, it is difficult to figure out how the accused expects to convince any jury whether in Warren or in any other county, that he is guiltless. He may have new evidence that has not been brought out in his behalf and if he has, this will, of course, be presented. But it is understood that the prosecution has additional evidence, also, to offer. It is said that there is testimony available that has not yet been used and that it shows very strongly the guilt of Andrews. A man and woman who were mentioned in some of the published accounts of the murder of Emile Amann, as having been in the vicinity of the scene of the crime at the time of the murder, have not been sworn. It is probable that they will testify at the next trial. —Bradford Era.

The Republicans of McKean county should "sit tight" and not "rock the boat." In all the agitation wherein it is suggested to bring about a division of Republicans through a Taft and Roosevelt imbroglio there is evidence of the fine "Italian hand" of Democracy and disgruntled insurgency. This fact is becoming more potent each day. Who can profit by a Republican wrangle? The Democrats, of course. Republicans should remember that Mr. Taft was the candidate in the last campaign by reason of the fact that Mr. Theodore Roosevelt vehemently vouched his worth, and enthusiastically supported his candidacy. Now, then, Mr. Taft in the saddle has carried out the pledges he made, and he comes before the people asking for an opportunity to finish the work that should be done. His policy has been the express policy of the party, a failure on the part of the party to recognize this fact would be a failure of the party to know itself. Mr. Roosevelt is an ambitious man, there is no doubt but that if he were tendered the nomination he would take it. But see the handicaps under which he would labor. The candidate of a party which had repudiated itself. The Third Term sentiment. The errors of seven and one half years of continuous administration. The party enemies created by forcing his own personally selected candidate for President. The enemies made within the various states in forcing the nominations of candidates for governors, senators, and congressmen. All these facts would be brought forth, and the enemies of the party would make the greatest use of such arguments. On the other hand Mr. Taft stands in a position wherein he would be subject only to the regular attacks made by the opposition on a candidate at all times. At the proper time the good judgment of Mr. Roosevelt will show itself, and he will be for Mr. Taft. He cannot do anything else for should he repudiate Mr. Taft, he convicts himself of bad faith, or ill judgment. Two things that Mr. Roosevelt prizes most highly are the square deal, and ability to foresee greatness in the bud. Mr. Roosevelt is not going back on his ideals even for the sake of being a candidate of a great party. Those Republicans who have failed to weigh these facts should think them over and not ask their idol to knock the pedastel from under himself, and shatter his ideals before the world.—Kane Republican.

In some of these statements The Miner begs to take issue with the Republican. First we do not think it is for the good of the Republicans to "sit tight" and allow Mr. Taft to be nominated if Mr. Roosevelt is the choice of a majority. And we do not think it will do any harm to allow the Roosevelt strength to be tested if Mr. Taft is the choice of the majority. Primaries and conventions are held by the various parties to give the members of such parties a chance to make a choice in their standard bearers and the newspapers of the various parties should not discourage anyone from using that privelege. Giving the Republican voters of McKean county and the whole nation the chance of making their own selection of a candidate for president is not going to disrupt the Republican party nor give the Democrats any undue advantage, when the time for electing a president comes. The average, intelligent, free born voter in the United States likes to have the opportunity of expressing his own personal wishes in the choice of candidates and then if he finds that he is in the minority and his choice is not the choice of the majority of his party, then he is willing to accept the will of the majority and is loyal to his party. But if his favorite is not given a chance and the other candidate is railroaded into the nomination, he is liable to bolt his party nominee and go over to the other side. Regarding the personal merits of Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt, both have made excellent presidents, and the only dissatisfaction with Mr. Taft is that many think Col. Roosevelt is the abler man of the two. Both have made errors—what man don't?—but they have been few and the Roosevelt admirers think his mistakes of seven years are less than Mr. Taft's of four years. If Col. Roosevelt is the Republican nominee Mr. Taft's followers will not aid the Democrats in electing a Democrat and if Mr. Taft is re-nominated Col. Roosevelt will assist in his election as will practically every Republican who is now advocating his nomination. An honest test of the popularity of these two men will not hinder the election of either.

WHITE COATING FOR SUN SCALD.

A company manufacturing white lead referred to Prof. H. A. Surface, State Zoologist of Pennsylvania, Harrisburg, for his opinion, a suggestion which had been received by the manager from a fruit grower: "that white coating of trees will protect the bark against sun scald;" also, that "fruit growers here have been able to retard the blooming of their trees by a week to ten days, simply by spraying a whitewash over the buds of their peach trees."

To this Prof. Surface replied:

"I am interested in your letter referring to the painting of trunks of trees with white lead an draw linseed oil to protect the bark against sun scald. In my own case, this has been efficient and satisfactory. It will do this on vigorous trees, but I repeat a previously made statement that where the trees are quite feeble, or, in other words, where they have been starved and neglected, and have made very poor growth, and have had conditions against them, and especially on those with long trunks and small tops, the oil is liable to be injurious and will not protect against sun scald, as this is a kind of tree that will develop such trouble in spite of all that can be done for it. At one place in this State I saw such an orchard which had been painted, and the trees had the sun scald, although in other large orchards, where the trees were thrifty, there was no such trouble.

"Concerning the retarding of the blooming of the tree by a white coating. I must say that nothing short of an actual tent over the tree to really keep out the sunshine, or keep the sunshine off them, will retard the bloom as much as ten days. A coat of whitewash may retard it a day or two, but that will be all. It is an easy thing for any person to try this for himself in making up a thin whitewash solution, and applying it with a coarse nozzle and a modern spray pump."

A COCOON ON A PEAR TREE.

There came from Potter county, to State Zoologist H. A. Surface, Harrisburg, a cocoon which was taken from a pear tree that was being pruned on a cold, winter day. "What kind of a pest is this?" This was the question that was asked, and State Zoologist Surface anawered it as follows:

"The cocoon which you sent to us is that of the Cecropia moth. This cocoon contains the chrysalis which in the spring will transform into a large moth, almost as large as a man's hand, and beautifully colored with red, black and white. It is, in fact, the largest insect found in this State.

"From the eggs, which are laid in the early part of the summer, there will hatch large larvas or worms, covered with tubercles and short spines. The larva is one of the four large American silk worms. It feeds on the leaves of various kinds of fruit trees and shade trees, but is not generally sufficiently abundant to be destructive and demand treatment. If, however, this should occur, as I once saw on the box elders on the streets of Chicago, it is easily destroyed by spraying with one ounce of arsenate of lead in each gallon of water.

"Although it is the largest of our native silk worms, and the large brown silken cocoon is exceedingly tough, this silk does not have commercial value, because of the two reasons that it is very coarse, and that it can not be reeled or unwound from the cocoon as can the silk of the commercial silk cocoon. These large cocoons are often seen on the exposed twigs of trees along the streets, and on bushes and shrubs. If a cocoon it taken into the house a beautiful large moth will emerge from it sooner than if left out of doors."

FARMERS VALLEY NEWS.

Rev. Parrott is taking a vacation for the benefit of his heatlh, visiting friends and relatives in Ohio. He expects to return to his charge in about two weeks.

Miss Isabelle Boylston, teacher of the Moore school, spent Saturday and Sunday with relatives and friends in Bradford.

Miss Mabel Galpin who is attending Westbrook's college, Olean, came home Thursday evening, returning Saturday.

The dance given by the boys last Thursday at Stull's hall, was well attended. The music furnished by Chadwick's orchestra, was of the best. A little unpleasantness was experienced for a short time by the shortage of gas, which was promptly adjusted, and a pleasant and enjoyable time was the result.

Mrs. M. A. Lamont of Coudersport and Mrs. C. R. Westfall of Sweden Valley, were the guests of Mrs. M. A. Caldwell Wednesday, Feb. 14th.

Miss Edna Furman came home Friday, returning Monday to Olean, where she is taking a course of studies in Westbrook's college.

Not everyone may have heard of the little infant son that came to Mr. and Mrs. August Smith, January 10th. He survived the cold weather and is a fine lad. He has received the name of Stanley Ward.

The Budget gave a masquerade church social for the benefit of the presiding elder. All who were in attendance report a pleasant time. The receipts were about $5.00.

WORK OF A FIEND.

He Drives Three Nails Into His Wife's Spine.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Feb. 18.—Stanley Vekamas, a foreigner, is under arrest here charged with driving nails into the spine of his wife in an attempt to kill her so that he might marry another. Mrs. Vekamas is hovering between life and death at the City hospital.

It is alleged that Vekamas first tried to cause his wife to leave him by a course of ill-treatment and abuse, but when this failed he resorted to a method of torture almost past belief in its brutality.

While Mrs. Vekamas was asleep in bed her husband tied her securely. She awoke too late to free herself and a moment later the three nails had been driven into her spine with a hatchet. She became unconscious and her husband left her, believing his purpose had been accomplished.

The couple's little son found his mother suffering terrible agony and notified neighbors, who had her removed to a hospital.

Vekamas fled but was captured.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.
Elsie T. MacDonald
—vs.—
James F. MacDonald.

No. 51, October Term, 1911.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Elsie T. MacDonald did on the 30th day of June, 1911, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, James F. MacDonald.

We therefore command you, the said James F. MacDonald, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the fourth Monday of February, next, to answer the petition or libel of Elsie T. MacDonald, your wife, and show cause, if any you have, why the said Elsie T. MacDonald, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

M. C. BAIN, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., January 31, 1912.
W. E. Burdick, Atty. for Libellant.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.
Delina O. Brown
—vs.—
Albert E. Brown.

No. 122, October Term, 1911.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Delina O. Brown did, on the 8th day of August, 1911, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Albert E. Brown.

We therefore command you, the said Albert E. Brown, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the fourth Monday of February, next, to answer the petition or libel of Delina O. Brown, and show cause, if any you have, why the said Delina O. Brown, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

M. C. BAIN, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., January 31, 1912.
C. E. Judd, Atty. for Libellant.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.
Olive M. Reed
—vs.—
John T. Reed.

No. 5, October Term, 1911.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Olive M. Reed did, on the 5th day of June, 1911, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, John T. Reed.

We therefore command you, the said John T. Reed, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the fourth Monday of February, next, to answer the petition or libel of Olive M. Reed and show cause, if any you have, why the said Olive M. Reed, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

M. C. BAIN, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., January 31, 1912.
Mullin & Woods, Attys. for Libellant.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.
Jeremiah Galvin
—vs.—
Verna P. Galvin.

No. 75, February Term, 1910.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas Jeremiah Galvin did, on the 20th day of January, 1910, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Verna P. Galvin.

We therefore command you, the said Verna P. Galvin, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the fourth Monday of February, next, to answer the petition or libel of Jeremiah Galvin and show cause, if any you have, why the said Jeremiah Galvin, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

M. C. BAIN, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., January 31, 1912.
F. D. Gallup, Atty. for Libellant.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.
Bertha Mallen
—vs.—
H. A. Mallen.

No. 221, June Term, 1911.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas Bertha Mallen did, on the 26th day of April, 1911, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, H. A. Mallen.

We therefore command you, the said H. A. Mallen, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever you be and appear before our Judges at Smethport at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the fourth Monday of February, next, to answer the petition or libel of Bertha Mallen and show cause, if any you have, why the said Bertha Mallen, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

M. C. BAIN, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., January 31, 1912.
Gallup & Shattuck, Attys. for Libellant.

Family Favorite

the Lamp Oil that Saves Eyes

Nothing is more important in the home than clear, steady light. Insure this by getting the oil that burns clear and clean without a flicker down to the last drop. Pennsylvania crude oil refined to perfection.

Costs no more than the tank-wagon kind—saves *money*—saves *work*—saves eyes.

Your dealer has *Family Favorite Oil* in barrels direct from our refineries.

Waverly Oil Works Co.
Independent Refiners
PITTSBURG, PA.
Also makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil and Waverly Gasoline.

OVERCOAT SALE
NOW ON
—AT—
H. W. Rubin,
THE RELIABLE CLOTHIER

1913 Calendars

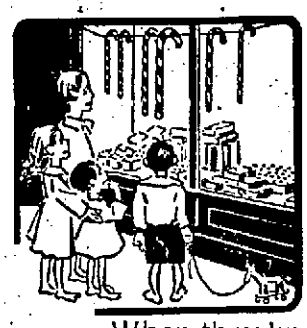
The 1913 line of art advertising calendars from the A. M. Collins Mfg. Co. is now in my hands and ready for your inspection.

These calendars surpass our expectations, both in beauty and variety of subjects. Pretty girls 'til your eyes ache; outdoor scenes of field, forest and stream; brilliant marines; peaceful country scenes; humoresques and "kid" pictures galore—over fifty subjects in all, making up a "stunning" line of over one hundred handsome calendars.

Whether you buy or not, you must see the pictures. Every subject is copyrighted and I have the exclusive control of the Collins line in this territory.

Plan to see the calendars as soon as possible.

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor Miner.



THE HOME OF-
Quality Groceries

WHAT PLACE
Can be more
TANTALIZING
TO THE KIDS
than the pantry with locked doors.
ESPECIALLY
When they know it is filled
With Good Things From Our Store!
Be patient, until meal time Kids!

TRY THESE, They'll Please!

GEO. WASHINGTON
Prepared coffee.
Made in the cup.
Does not contain chicory or any other adulterant.

ARTIS BROTHERS'
PLUM PUDDING
Just the thing to complete that Sunday Dinner.

F. W. BROWNELL,
PHONE 7.

Gold Leaf Rye Whiskey

Is Absolutely Pure. It contains the concentrated, nourishing qualities of rye from the richest fields, known to the trade.

It is distilled and aged under perfect conditions and with scrupulous care. Ask for it. For sale by.

F. H. HUNGIVILLE,
—WHOLESALE LIQUORS—
Smethport, - - - - Pa.

SHOES! SHOES!

his is the place to buy your shoes. We Carry the Finest line of Ladies' and Children's Shoes. Mens' and Boys Shoes in gun metal and patent leather. A big line of working shoes.

Anderson & Carlson,
THE SHOE MEN
Smethport, Penna

McCALL PATTERNS

McCALL PATTERNS

The Lindholm Company

THE STORE OF QUALITY AND LOW PRICE

Clean Sweep of Ladies' and Misses' Coats and Suits.

Every Garment marked at Sweeping Reduction for quick Claarance. Prices that will suit your purse. Garmenta that will suit you. Come early while we have your size.

Shoes

25 pairs, sizes 2 to 2 1-2, only ladies shoes. 3.00 Value at $1.39 per pair.

Remember only above sizes at above price.

The Lindholm Co.

The Store of Quality and Low Price.

Milk Separators from $17.50 up

FOR SALE AT

Daly & Garlick's

Hardware and Plumbing Store

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 22, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—What are you denying yourself during Lent?

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. William Jordan on Monday, Feb. 19, 1912, a girl.

—Mrs. Mary Masser, who has been quite ill for some time, is much better at this time.

—The weather man is riotously observing the birthday of the Father of Our Country to-day.

—This being Washington's birthday, the banks, postoffice and some of our business places are taking a holiday.

—Miss Mattie Backus fell on the icy pavement on Main street yesterday morning and sprained her right thumb.

—The heavy snow of yesterday morning has added a new lease of life to the lumbering business in this section.

—C. A. Burdick who has been ill at his home on King street for several months is said to be in a critical condition.

—The ladies of the Baptist church will hold a cooked food sale Saturday afternoon, commencing at 3 o'clock, in E. W. Strong's store.

—At Lansdale, Pa., yesterday, Miss Jennie Heaton, aged 25 years, committed suicide by locking herself in the barn of Oliver Morris and setting fire to the building.

—John Keller, who is charged with stealing an overcoat near Bradford on Friday of last week, was brought over here on Tuesday by Sheriff Bain and lodged in jail to await trial.

—The Backus Novelty Company of this place, distributors of the Columbia Silent Knight automobile, has an advertisement in this issue which every automobilist should read.

—In mentioning the P. H. C. banquet last week we made the error of getting things turned around. Mrs. T. H. Purtle was captain of the winning team instead of the losing team.

—We are in receipt of an invitation to attend the fifth annual convention of Pennsylvania Foresters to be held in the Capitol at Harrisburg on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, March 5, 6 and 7.

—A number of young ladies and matrons gave a leap year dancing party at Howe's hall, East Smethport, Tuesday evening. Acker's orchestra furnished excellent music. The party was largely attended and all had a delightful time.

—Teachers' examinations for 1912 will be held as follows: Smethport, court house, May 10-11; Bradford, Bennett School, May 17-18; Mt. Jewett, high school, June 7-8; Eldred high school, June 10-11; Smethport, high school Aug. 16-17.

—The force of The Boys' Magazine in this town is taking a holiday to-day party on account of the crippled condition of the force. Scott F. Redfield, president and owner, is suffering from an attack of mumps and is confined to his home on West Main street. Theron Lyle, secretary, is combatting an attack of pink-eye. And George J. Chase, advertising manager, is growing a mustache.

—The abatement of the cold weather has not lessened the freezing of water lines in this place. During the past week many private lines have been frozen up and it is reported that the main from East street to the borough line below the residence of Clint. Irons is frozen up. It is estimated that between fifty and one hundred families are without water in this borough at the present time.

—The Ancient and Honorable Order of Frogs, Swamp 1, Smethport, Pa., will have a feast at the Wright House in said borough, in honor of George Washington, Thursday evening. The A. A. H. O. O. F. will have a jolly time. Its members honor Washington because he never told a campaign lie. Anything like that makes a hit in Smethport, says Dave Dennison in the Random Notes of the Bradford Era.

—Miss Eleanor Welch, a student in the public schools at Warren, is in a serious condition as the result of being vaccinated under the law which makes this compulsory in the case of students. Soon after the operation was performed sores broke out on the arm and it is now the belief that the limb will have to be amputated. If this happens it is said there will be a revolt among parents who will refuse to obey the vaccination law.

—A movement is on foot to organize a men's literary and debating club in this place, the object of which is to study and discuss the important questions of the day, both local and general. A number of our leading citizens have signified their intention of becoming members and a meeting has been called for Tuesday evening, Feb. 27, at 8 o'clock, in St. Luke's parish house. All who are interested in this movement are requested to be present at this meeting, where the preliminary steps of organization will be taken.

—More money is invested in public school property in the United States than was required to maintain all the machinery of the Federal government in 1910, according to Dr. Fletcher B. Dressler, of the National Bureau of Education, of Washington, in a report on the progress of education. Dr. Dressler deplored the fact that the American people are "eye-minded" and that "moving pictures" seem to suit the desires better than music. More attention should be given "those finer instincts of our nature expressed in poetry, music and art," he said.

—Great excitement prevailed in Mt. Jewett for a time last week. A livery horse dropped dead on the Hazelhurst road and John Hook contracted with Liveryman Donahue to dispose of the carcass for $1.00 and the hide. Hook cut up the animal and peddled the meat about town for chicken feed at one cent per pound. But he told some people that he had sold part of it for veal at 10 cents per pound and was bragging about how much he had made out of the deal. G. H. Byers had not bought any of the "veal" but he decided to have Hook arrested nevertheless. Detective Jones was called to investigate and when the case came to trial it could not be shown that Hook had sold any of the meat for other than what it was, so the defendant was discharged. In fact he was only joshing Byers and both paid for the joke.

—Dr. McGranor went to Roulette on a hurry-up call yesterday, and found Arthur Radney suffering from an accidental gunshot wound, whereby the young man had lost two of the smallest fingers off the left hand and fingers on the other hand were badly haggled. The shot had also mangled one knee. The doctor brought the young man to the hospital and fixed him up. He is resting easily to-day, but is in bad shape, and it will be some time before he gets around, if he lives, though the only apparent danger now is from blood poisoning. It seems that the young man undertook to drive a dog away from the house by making threatening motions at it with the butt of a shotgun, the muzzle being towards him, at least, that is the young man's story. As we understand it the accident happened at "Lib" Bly's resort on Fishing Creek, and where Radley is alleged to have been making his home.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—The National Protective Legion announces that it will pay a dividend of $3.16 on class B five-year dividend policies which mature during the year 1912. This is the policy on which by paying a dividend for a number of years the N. P. L. built up an immense business. Dividends dwindled from the original $250 to $136, $112 and now have reached the low record of $3.16. Policy holders pay in $130 in the course of five years. Some time ago, after the state insurance department had ordered the Legion to stop issuing class B policies the Legion has been transferring its class B policyholders to other classes—straight line, health and accident, etc., and gave each an equity according to the amount already paid in. The state department objects to this form of transfer, and now class B members, who desire to change the form of their policies are accepted in almost similar manner as wholly new members, being required to take a physical examination and comply with other rules. There are now about 20,000 in force, it is said. Naturally, lapses are numerous.—Eldred Eagle.

A COASTING ACCIDENT.

Miss Marie Purtle Sprains Ankle Last Saturday Evening.

Miss Marie Purtle met with a very painful accident while coasting in this borough last Saturday evening and it is very fortunate that the young lady escaped with only a sprained ankle.

She was one of a party of young people who were coasting on Holmes street when the "bobs" on which they were riding overturned and her left foot was caught under the sleds and she was dragged along until the heel of her shoe and rubber were torn off, releasing her.

When she was picked up it was discovered that her ankle was injured and she was taken to her home at the Commercial House. A physician was called who found that her ankle was sprained and dressed that member. She is now able to be out on crutches and her friends hope for her speedy recovery.

A LOCAL INSTITUTE.

It Was Held at East Smethport by Keating Township Teachers.

The teachers of Keating township held a very successful local institute at East Smethport last Saturday. The meeting was presided over by Chairman J. R. Foote who was untiring in his efforts to make the meeting of interest and profit to all. Papers were read by a large number of teachers and were very well received, the program being interapersed with recitations by pupils of the East Smethport schools. Addresses were made by County Superintendent C. W. Lillibridge, Prof. Stanley Bright of Smethport schools and Mr. Schoonmaker of the Clermont school.

The following teachers were present: Miss Lura Day, Mayme Conwell, Mrs. Mabel Crawford, Miss Mabel Lyle, Katerine Fay, Alberta Cory, Vera Brown, Theo Freeman, Chloe Lyle, H. O. Whiting, J. R. Foote, Stanley Bright, County Superintendent C. W. Lillibridge and N. B. Schoonmaker.

PERSONAL MENTION.

D. M. Cooper had business in Olean on Monday.

Guy B. Mayo had business in Bradford on Monday.

Samuel Bloomburg was an Olean visitor last Thursday.

Henry Hatch of Cleveland, Ohio, is visiting relatives in town.

Attorney F. D. Gallup had business in Eastern cities this week.

Enos Southwick of Erie is visiting friends and relatives in town.

Sheriff and Mrs. M. C. Bain were Bradford visitors on Tuesday.

Miss Mamie Wilcox of Franklinville is the guest of Miss Cora Abbey.

Frank B. Digel of Farmers Valley had business in town on Monday.

Dr. F. C. Pierce has returned home from a visit to friends in Warren.

Miss Bessie Hungiville of Rixford, was a visitor in town last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin have returned home from a visit to Geneva, N. Y.

Miss Blanche Hyatt of Bradford was the guest of Smethport relatives this week.

Henry Johnson of Port Allegany was a business visitor in town on Monday.

Shiel B. Saywer of Galeton was the guest of relatives in town the forepart of the week.

Mrs. James McGuire is visiting her daughter, Mrs. John Ruffalo, in Youngstown, Ohio.

Miss Ella Mulvaney of Bradford was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Ritchie the latter part of last week.

Mrs. A. J. Elmems, and daughter, Viola, of Canning, Ont., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Dickinson.

Misses Mate Connolly, Belva Ford, Beulah Holder, Elsie Sherer, Viola Badger, Mildred Holder and Edith Young are visiting in Bradford to-day.

Mrs. Anton Anderson and son, Thomas, who have been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Thomas and family for the past three weeks, left this morning for New York.

Misses Marjorie Gleason, Ruth Hungerford, Reta Denning and Adeln Malcolm, William Brownell, Vero Worster, Edwin Kohn and Ralph White, chaperoned by Misses Margaret Curtis and Orra Gleason, enjoyed a sleighride to Hazelhurst Friday evening.

Miss Winifred Roeder, who has been a mission teacher in China for the past six years, returned to her home in Farmers Valley last Saturday. Miss Roeder has had some exciting and novel experiences during her travels. She is well and has enjoyed her trip very much.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending February 17th, 1912:

Sweney, Mrs. Margarett.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

AMETHYST

Birthstone of February

Look over our fine line of Rings and Pins

Engstrom & Olson,

Jewelers

Smethport, Pa.

Are You

One of the lucky ones that got a SUIT HERE at a SAVING of from

$5.00 to $7.50

Yes, it was good luck to get a fine all wool $15 or $18 ALL WOOL Suit or Overcoat at

$10.00 or $12.00

There's still a splendid selection here at that price, sizes 34 to 42—it is the Best Clothing Bargain ever offered.

MONHEIMERS'

THE WORKING MAN'S STORE.

Ladies Home Journal Patterns

Cluett Shirts

FRY & COMES

The Store that sells "Wooltex"

NEW GINGHAMS

New Printed Wash Goods

To-day we place on sale a choice lot of new Wash Fabrics for Spring and Summer wear.

You'll be pleased with the new weaves and prints of which there is an abundance this season.

There's scarcely a wash goods want that cannot be here supplies at a price advantage too.

New ideas this year in addition to Lawns, Bastistes and Mulls are Ribbon Taffets—French Foulards—Mistrel Organdies—Marquisettes—Durability Cloth, etc. 10c to 50c per yard.

The best makes of Ginghams, those with tub fast reputation are shown in immense variety—Bates Seersucker—Tpile de Noird Red Seal—Palmer and Scotch Lephyrs, etc., 12½c to 25c.

New Embroideries & Laces are Ready for You

SPECIAL FOR SATURDAY FEB. 24.

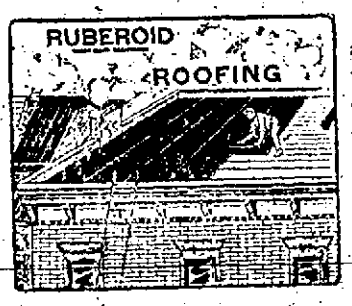
400 yards Cambric Embroidery per yard 10c, withs 5½ to 8½ inches worth from 15c to 20c per yard.

See them in the window— None will be sold before Saturday morning.

FRY & COMES

SMETHPORT, : : : PA.

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready to lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in your feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

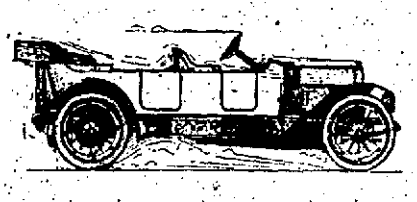
SMETHPORT PENN'A.

COUGH SYRUP

Get a bottle for that cough of yours. We have it, and we have the best that can be obtained anywhere. Price per bottle 10c, 25c and 50c. We also carry a full line of drugs. Special attention given to perscriptions.

Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE



THE new Columbia Silent Knight car is the last word in motoring and adds a new pleasure to the sport.

It is not an experiment nor is it untried. Like its European prototypes it is eminently worthy of the wide-spread interest that has been aroused for its power, flexibility and silence.

WRITE FOR LITERATURE

Columbia WITH SILENT KNIGHT MOTOR

The Columbia Motor Car Company

Division United States Motor Co.

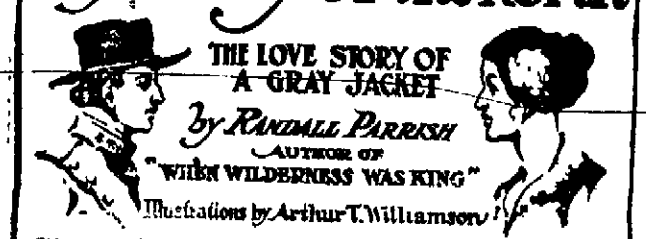
Broadway and 61st Street, New York, U.S.A.

BACKUS NOVELTY CO., Smethport, Pa.

DISTRIBUTORS FOR

McKEAN, POTTER and WARREN Counties

My Lady of the North



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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER XII—Captain Wayne is led to [illegible] an Confederate admires Mrs Brennan wife of the Federal officer, who has [illegible] him He is given the choice of revealing the Lee message or of being shot as a spy

CHAPTER XIII—Wayne is rescued from his [illegible] by Jed Bungay One of them must get a quick report through the lines to General Lee and Jed starts on the mission

CHAPTER IV—Hiding the garb of an absent officer of the Union artillery, Wayne [illegible] rates to the ballroom where a social [illegible] function is in progress, and presents to be Col Curran of Ohio

CHAPTER XV—The disguised scout is introduced to a Miss Miner She knows the Curran family and Wayne barely escapes being unmasked Edith Brennan appears on the scene

CHAPTER XVI—Mrs Brennan recognizes Wayne She having been led to believe that he had been sent away learns of the treachery of Maj Brennan and says she will save him

CHAPTER XVII.

Through the Camp of the Enemy.

A glance at my watch told me that it was already within a few moments of midnight There was, however, no diminution in the festivities, and I waited in silence until I heard the sentries calling the hour, and then pressed my way back into the noisy, crowded ballroom I was stopped twice by well meaning officers whom I had met earlier in the evening but breaking away from them after the exchange of a sentence or two, I urged my course as directly as possible toward where the spectacled brigadier yet held his post as master of ceremonies

We had been conversing pleasantly for several minutes when Mrs Brennan appeared Standing so as to face the stairs I saw her first coming down, and noted that she wore her hat and had a light walking cloak thrown over her shoulders My heart beat faster as I realized for the first time that she intended to be my companion

'Oh, General, I am exceedingly glad to find you yet here she exclaimed as she came up, and extended a neatly gloved hand to him I have a favor to ask which I am told you alone have the authority to grant'

He bowed gallantly

I am very sure he returned smiling that if it [illegible] I can even will never request a thing which I would not gladly yield

She flashed her eyes brightly into his face

'Most assuredly not The fact is General Colonel Curran, with whom I see you are already acquainted, was to pass the night at the Major's quarters and as he has not yet returned the duty has naturally devolved upon me to see our guest safely deposited We are at the Mitchell House you remember, which is beyond the inner lines, and while of course I have been furnished with a pass," she held up the paper for his inspection, 'and have been also instructed as to the countersign I fear this will scarcely suffice for the safe passage of the Colonel '

The General laughed good humoredly, evidently pleased with her assumption of military knowledge

"Colonel Curran is certainly to be congratulated upon having found so charming a guide, madam, and I can assure you I shall most gladly do my part toward the success of the expedition The Major was expected back before this, I believe?"

"He left word that if he had not returned by twelve I was to wait for him no longer, as he should go directly to his quarters I find the life of a soldier to be extremely uncertain '

"We are our country's servants, madam,' he replied proudly, and then taking out a pad of blanks from his pocket, turned to me

"May I ask your full name and rank, Colonel?'

"Patrick L. Curran, Colonel, Sixth Ohio Light Artillery"

He wrote it down rapidly, tore off the paper, and handed it to me

"That will take you safely through our inner guard lines," he said gravely, 'that being as far as my jurisdiction extends Good night Colonel, good night, Mrs Brennan"

We bowed ceremoniously, and the next moment Mrs Brennan and I were out upon the steps, breathing the cool night air I glanced curiously at her face as the gleam of light fell upon it—how calm and reserved she appeared, and yet her eyes were aglow with intense excitement At the foot of the steps she glanced up at the dark, projecting roof far above us

'Do you suppose he can possibly be up there yet' she asked, in a tone so low as to be inaudible to the ears of the sentry

'Who? Bungay?' I questioned in surprise, for my thoughts were elsewhere "Oh, he was like a cat, and there are trees at the rear. Probably he is safe long ago, or else a prisoner once more"

Beyond the gleam of the uncovered windows all was wrapped in complete darkness, save that here and there we could distinguish the dull red glare of camp-fires where the company cooks were yet at work, or some sentry post had been established. We turned sharply to the left, and proceeded down a comparatively smooth road, which seemed to me to possess a rock basis, it felt so hard From the position of the stars I judged our course to be eastward, but the night was sufficiently obscured to shroud all objects more than a few yards distant Except for the varied camp noises on either side of us the evening was oppressively still, and the air had the late chill of high altitudes. Mrs Brennan pressed more closely to me as we passed beyond the narrow zone of light, and unconsciously we fell into step together

A few hundred yards farther a fire burned redly against a pile of logs The forms of several men lay outstretched beside it, while a sentry paced back and forth, in and out of the range of light We were almost upon him before he noted our approach and in his haste he swung his musket down from his shoulder until the point of its bayonet nearly touched my breast

Halt' he cried sternly, peering at us in evident surprise 'Halt' this road is closed

Valley Forge, whispered the girl, and I noticed how white her face appeared in the flaming of the fire

The word is all right, Miss," returned the fellow, stoutly yet without lowering his obstructing gun But we cannot pass any one out on the countersign alone If you was going the other way it would answer"

'But we are returning from the officers' ball,' she urged anxiously, "and are one our way to Major Brennan's quarters We have passes'

As she drew the paper from out her glove one of the men at the fire sprang to his feet and strode across the narrow road toward us He was smooth of face and boyish looking, but wore corporal's stripes

What is it, Mapes?' he asked sharply

Without waiting an answer he took the paper she held out and scanned it rapidly

This is all right he said handing it back and lifting his cap in salute You may pass madam You must pardon us, but the orders are exceedingly strict to night Have you a pass also Colonel? I handed it to him, and after a single glance it was returned

'Pass them guard," he said curtly, standing aside

Beyond the radiance of the fire she broke the silence

'I shall only be able to go with you so far as the summit of the hill yonder, for our quarters are just to the right, and I could furnish no excuse for being found beyond that point," she said 'Do you know enough of the country to make the lines of your army?'

'If this is the Kendallville pike we are on," I answered, "I have a pretty clear conception of what lies ahead, but I should be very glad to know where I am to look for the outer picket."

'There is one post at the ford over the White Briar," she replied. "I chance to know this because Major Brennan selected the station, and remarked that the stream was so high and rapid as to be impassable at any other point for miles But I regret this is as far as my information extends"

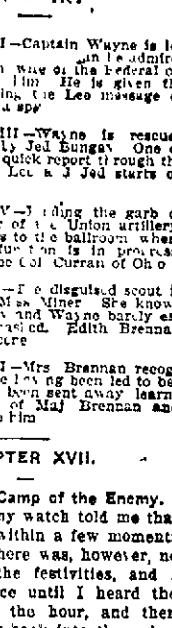
I started to say something—what I hardly know—when, almost without sound of warning, a little squad of horsemen swept over the brow of the hill in our front, their forms darkly outlined against the starlit sky, and rode down toward us at a sharp trot. I had barely time to swing my companion out of the track when they clattered by, their heads bent low to the wind, and seemingly oblivious to all save the movements of their leader

"Sheridan!" I whispered, for even in that distance I had not failed to recognize the short, erect figure which rode in front

The woman shuddered, and drew closer within my protesting shadow Then out of the darkness there burst a solitary rider, his horse limping as if crippled, and would have ridden us down had I not flung up one hand and grasped his bridle rein

'Great Scott' what have we here?' he cried roughly, peering down at us "By all the gods, a woman!"

The hand upon my arm clutched me desperately, and my own heart seemed to choke back every utterance The voice was Brennan's



'Halt This Road Is Closed"

"Put Down Your Pistol," She Ordered Coldly

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Reputation of a Woman.

Like a flash occurred to me the only possible means by which we might escape open discovery—an instant disclosure of my supposed rank coupled with indignant protest Already, believing me merely some private soldier straying out of bounds with a woman of the camp as companion he had thrown himself from the saddle to investigate Whatever was to be done must be accomplished quickly; or it would prove all too late To think was to act Stepping instantly in front of the shrinking girl and facing him, I said sternly

'I do not know who you may chance to be, sir nor greatly care yet your words and actions imply an insult to this lady which I am little disposed to overlook For your information permit me to state I am Colonel Curran Sixth Ohio Light Artillery, and am not accustomed to being halted on the road by every drunken fool who sports a uniform"

He stopped short in complete surprise, staring at me through the darkness, and I doubted not was perfectly able to distinguish the glint of buttons and gleam of braid

'Your pardon sir ' he ejaculated at last "I mistook you for some runaway soldier But I failed to catch your words, how did you name yourself''

'Colonel Curran, of Major-General Halleck's staff"

'The hell you are' Curran had a full gray beard a month ago"

He took a step forward, and before I could recover from the first numbing shock of surprise was peering intently into my face

"Damn it!" he cried, tugging viciously at a revolver on his belt, 'I know that face' You are the measly Johnny Reb I brought in day before yesterday"

There came a quick flutter of drapery at my side and she, pressing me firmly backward, faced him without a word

The man's extended arm dropped to his side as though pierced by a bullet, and he took one step backward, shrinking as if his startled eyes beheld a ghost

'Edith?' he cried, as though doubting his own vision and the ring of agony in his voice was almost piteous Edith' My God' You here, at midnight, alone with this man?"

However the words, the tone, the gesture may have stung her, her face remained proudly calm, her voice cold and clear

'I certainly am, Major Brennan," she answered, her eyes never once leaving his face 'And may I ask what reason you can have to object?'

"Reason?' His voice had grown hoarse with passion and surprise 'My God, how can you ask? How can you even face me? Why do you not sink down in shame? Alone here,"—he looked about him into the darkness—"at such an hour, in company with a Rebel, a sneaking, cowardly spy, already condemned to be shot. By Heaven! he shall never live to boast of it!"

He flung up his revolver barrel to prove the truth of his threat, but she stepped directly between us, and shielded me with her form.

"Put down your pistol," she ordered coldly. "I assure you my reputation is in no immediate danger unless you shoot me, and your bullet shall certainly find my heart before it ever reaches Captain Wayne"

"Truly, you must indeed love him," he sneered

So close to me was she standing that I could feel her form tremble at this insult, yet her voice remained emotionless

"Your uncalled for words shame me, not my actions. In being here with Captain Wayne tonight I am merely paying a simple debt of honor—a double debt, indeed, considering that he was condemned to death by your lie, while you deceived me by another"

"Did he tell you that?"

"He did not. Like the true gentleman he has ever shown himself to be, he endeavored to disguise the facts, to withhold from me all knowledge of your dastardly action. I know it by the infamous sentence pronounced against him and by your falsehood to me"

"Edith, you mistake" he urged anxiously 'I—I was told that he had been sent North"

She drew a deep breath, as though she could scarcely grasp the full audacity of his pretence to ignorance

'You appeared to be fully informed but now as to his death sentence"

"Yes I heard of it while away and intended telling you as soon as I reached our quarters"

I could feel the scorn of his miserable deception as it curled her lip, and her figure seemed to straighten between us

Then," she said slowly, "you will doubtless agree that I have done no more than was right and will therefore permit him this chance of escape from so unmerited a fate, for you know as well as I do that he has been wrongly condemned

He stepped forward with a half-smothered oath and rested one hand heavily upon her shoulder

'I rather guess not madam he said Damn him' I will hang him now higher than Haman, just to show Queen Esther that it can be done Out of the way madam'

Rendered desperate by her slight resistance and his own jealous hatred he thrust the woman aside so rudely that she fell forward upon one knee His revolver was yet in his right hand, gleaming in the starlight, but before he could raise or fire it I had grasped the steel barrel firmly and the hammer came down noiselessly upon the flesh of my thumb The next instant we were locked close together in fierce struggle for the mastery He was the heavier stronger man I the younger and quicker From the first every effort on both sides was put forth solely to gain command of the weapon—his to fire mine to prevent, for I knew well at the sound of the discharge there would come a rush of blue coats to his rescue My first fierce onset had put him on the defensive but as we tugged and strained his superiority in weight began to tell and slowly he bore me backward until all the weight of my body rested upon my right leg Then there occurred to me like a flash a wrestler's trick taught me years before by an old negro on my father's plantation Instantly I appeared to yield to the force against which I contended with simulated weakness, sinking lower and lower until I doubt not, Brennan felt convinced I must go over backward But as I thus sank, my left foot found steady support farther back, while my free hand sank slowly down his straining body until my groping fingers grasped firmly the broad belt about his waist I yielded yet another inch, until he leaned so far over me as to be out of all balance, and then, with sudden straightening of my left leg at the same time forcing my head beneath his chest in leverage with one tremendous effort I flung him, head under, crashing down upon the hard road Trembling like a reed from the exertion, I stood there looking down upon the dark form lying huddled at my feet He rested motionless, and I bent over, placing my hand upon his heart, horrified at the mere thought that he might be dead But the heart beat, and with a prayer of thankfulness I looked up She stood beside me

"Tell me, Captain Wayne," she exclaimed anxiously, 'he is not—not seriously hurt?'

'I believe not," I answered soberly 'He is a heavy man and fell hard, yet his heart beats strong He must have cut his head upon a stone however, for he is bleeding '

She knelt beside him, and I caught the whiteness of a handerchief within her hand

'Believe me, Miss Brennan ' I faltered lamely, 'I regret this far more than I can tell Nothing has ever occurred to me to give greater pain than the thought that I have brought you so much of sorrow and trouble You will have faith in me?'

"Always, everywhere—whether it ever be our fate to meet again or not But now you must go"

'Go? And leave you here alone? Are you not afraid?"

"Afraid' she looked about her into the darkness 'Of what? Surely you do not mean of Frank—of Major Brennan? And as to my being alone, our quarters are within a scant hundred yards from here, and a single cry will bring me aid in plenty. Hush! what was that?"

It was the shuffling tread of many feet, the sturdy tramp of a body of infantry on the march

"Go!" she cried hurriedly "If you would truly serve me, if you care at all for me, do not longer delay and be discovered here It is the grand rounds I beg of you, go!"

I grasped her outstretched hand, pressed my lips hotly upon it, and sped with noiseless footsteps down the black, deserted road.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Cavalry Outpost.

I lingered merely long enough to feel assured as to her safety, creeping closer until I heard her simple story of the Major's fall from his horse, and then watched through the night shadows while the little squad bore his unconscious form over the crest of the low hill toward their quarters Then I turned my face eastward and tramped resolutely on I was, first of all, a soldier, and nothing short of death or capture should prevent me reaching Lee with my message Let what would happen, all else could wait!

The gleam of the stars fell upon the double row of buttons down the breast of the coat I wore and I stopped suddenly with an exlamation of disgust. Nothing could be gained by longer masquerade and I felt inexpressible shame at being thus attired Neither pass nor uniform would suffice to get me safe through those outer picket lines and if I should fail in the attempt, or be again made prisoner I vastly preferred meeting my fate clad in the faded gray of my own regiment With odd sense of relief I hastily stripped off the gorgeous trappings flung them in the ditch beside the road, and pressed on, feeling like a new man

There was small need for caution here and for more than an hour I tramped steadily along never meeting a person or being startled by a suspicious sound Then as I rounded a low eminence I perceived before me the dark outlines of trees which marked the course of the White Briar while directly in my front, and half obscured by thick leaves of the undergrush blazed the red glare of a fire I knew the stream well its steep banks of perciptate rock, its rapid swirling current which I was well aware, I was not sufficiently expert swimmer to cross Once upon the other bank I should be comparatively safe but to pass that picket post and attain the ford was certain to require all the good fortune I could ever hope for

But despair was never for long my comrade and I had learned how determination opens doors to the courageous—it is ever he who tries that enters In took me ten minutes possibly, creeping much of the way like a wild animal over the rocks but at the end of that time I had attained a position well within the dense thicket, and could observe clearly the ground before me and some of the obstacles to be overcome

As I supposed, it was a cavalry outpost, I could distinguish the crossed sabers on the caps of the men although it was some time before I was able to determine positively where their horses were picketed There must have been all of twenty in the party, and I could distinguish the lieutenant in command a middle aged man with light colored chin beard, seated by himself against the wall of a small shanty of logs a pipe in his mouth and an open book upon his knee His men were gathered close about the blazing fire, for the night air was decidedly chill as it swept down the valley, I a number were sleeping, a few at cards while a little group sitting with their backs toward me yet almost within reach of my hand, were idly smoking and discussing the floating rumors of the camp I managed to make out dimly the figure of a man on horseback beyond the range of flame, and apparently upon the very bank of the stream, when some words spoken by an old gray beared sergeant interested me

"Bob,' he said to the soldier lounging next him, what was it thet staff officer sed ter ther leftenant? I didn't just git ther straight of it'

The man, a debonair young fellow, stroked his little black mustaches reflectively

Ther cove sed as how Cole's division wud be along here afore daylight, an' thet our fellers wud likely be sent out ahead of em"

"Whar be they a goin'?"

"The leftenant asked him, an' the cove sed as it was a gineral advance to meet ol' Hancock at Minersville"

'Thet's good 'nough, lads," chimed in the sergeant, slapping his knee 'It means a dance down the valley after Early I'm a guessin' we'll have a bang up ol' fight 'fore three days more"

'Pervidin' allers thet ther Johnnies don't skedaddle fust,' commented another, tartly What in thunder is ther matter with them hosses?' he asked suddenly, rising and peering over into the bushes beyond the hut, where a noise of squealing and kicking had arisen

"Oh, the bay filly is probably over the rope agin," returned the sergeant, lazily "Sit down, Sims an' be easy, you're not on hoss guard ternight."

'I know thet," growled the soldier, doubtfully, 'but thet thar kid is no good an' I don't want my hoss all banged up just as we're goin' on campaign 'Taint no sorter way ter hitch 'em anyhow, to a picket rope, ruins more hosses than ther Rebs dew"

This gave me inspiration, and before the speaker's sullen growl had wholly ceased I was again upon hands and knees, silently groping my way along the bank toward the rear of the hut. It proved to be a tiny structure, containing but a single room—probably a mere fisherman's shack, without windows, but possessing a door at either end Meeting no opposition I crept within, where I felt somewhat safer from observation, and then peered warily forth into the darkness extending between it and the river. The picket rope stretched from one corner of the hut, where it seemed to be secured around the end of a projecting log, out into the night, evidently finding its other terminus at a big tree whose spreading top I could dimly perceive shadowed against the sky Along it were tethered the horses, a few impatiently champing their bits and pounding with their hoofs on the trampled ground, but the majority resting quietly, their heads hanging sleepily down. The one nearest me appeared a finely proportioned animal of a dark color, and was equipped with both saddle and bridle. Of the soldier in charge I could distinguish nothing—doubtless he was lounging on his back, half asleep upon some soft patch of grass

I turned when it suddenly occurred to me that the deserted hut might contain something I could use to advantage—a firearm perhaps, or even a stray box of matches I felt about me cautiously, creeping along the hard earthen floor until I had nearly reached the opposite entrance The light from the fire without leaped up, and its glow revealed a saddle with leather holster attached hanging to a nail just within the doorway Moving noise erly I managed to extract a revolver but could discover no cartridges

I was yet fumbling in the holster pocket when the lieutenant rose from his seat Without, knocked the ashes from his pipe yawned sleepily, standing directly between me and the fire, and then, turning sharply walked slowly into the open door of the hut. I sprang to my feet, or he would certainly have stepped upon me and before he could realize the situation I had him by the collar with the cold muzzle of my stolen revolver pressed hard against his cheek

A single word or sound and I fire' I said sternly

I have no recollection of ever seeing any one more completely astounded He gasped like a fish newly landed and I doubt if he could have made utterance even had he dared

Come in a little farther I commanded 'Now look here Lieutenant, you do exactly as I tell you and you will get out of this affair with a whole skin otherwise—well I'm playing this game to the limit Now answer me—How many men have you mounted this side the ford?'

He glared at me sullenly, and I drew back the hammer with an ominous click, eyeing him fiercely

'Well,' I said shortly do you choose to answer, or die?

'Two'

'On the other bank?'

'None'

'Lieutenant" I said, speaking low, but in a tone which left no doubt as to my exact meaning I am an escaped prisoner and shall not hesitate to kill rather than be recaptured It is your life or mine tonight and I naturally prefer my own but I'll give you one chance and only one—obey my orders and I will leave you here unhurt, disobey and your life is not worth the snap of a finger Move back now an inch you face the door, and don't forget my pistol is within an inch of your ear and this is a hair trigger What is your sergeant's name?'

'Handley'

'Order him to take ten men on foot one hundred yards west on the pike, and wait further orders

Handley," he called out, his voice so choked with rage as to make me fearful it might arouse suspicion, take ten men on foot to the crossroads and wait there until you hear from me '

I could plainly note the dark shadows of the fellows as they filed out past the fire, but I never ventured to take eye or gun off the man I watched

'How many remain there now?'

'Seven

"Any non com. among them?'

"A corporal"

'Have him take them all south on the cross roads"

'Jones, he called out huskily

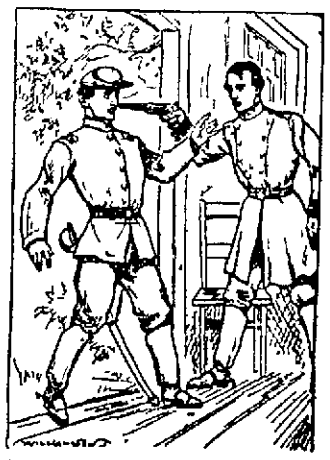
'Yes sir"

'Take what men you have left a hundred yards south on the cross-road"

We could hear them crunching their way through the bushes, until the sound finally died out in the distance

'Now, Lieutenant, you come with me—softly, and keep your distance"

We moved back slowly step by step, until we came to the rear door of the



"A Single Word or Sound, and I Fire."

shed I reached out into the darkness, but without turning my face away from him, and silently severed the picket rope, retaining the loosened end in my grasp It was so intensely dark where we stood that I slipped the pistol unobserved into my belt.

"Face to the rear," I said sternly.

As he turned to obey this order, with quick movement I tripped him, sprang backward, and shut the door.

In a single bound I was upon the back of the black, and had flung the severed rope's end at the flank of the next horse in line There was a rush of feet, a sharp snapping of cords, a wild scurrying through the bushes, as twenty frightened horses stampeded up the bank, and then, lying face down over the saddle pommel, I sent the startled black crashing down into the shallows of the ford The fellow on guard tried his best to stop us, but we were past him like the wind. He did not fire, and doubtless in the darkness saw merely a stray horse broken from the picket rope The other fellow took one swift shot, but it

went wild, and I heard the voice of the enraged lieutenant damning in the distance. Then with a rush we went up the steep bank on the eastern shore, and I sat upright in the saddle and gave the black his rein.

CHAPTER XX.

A Demon on Horseback.

I felt positively happy then. The thrill of successful achievement was mine, and with the exultation of a soldier in having surmounted obstacles and peril, I nearly forgot for the moment the heart tragedy left behind. The swift impetus of the ride, the keen night air sweeping past me, the fresh sense of freedom and power, engendered by that reckless dash through the darkness, all conspired to render me neglectful of everything save the joy of present victory. The spirit of wild adventure was in my blood.

A dozen spits of fire cleaved the intense blackness behind, and I knew the widely scattered patrol were sending chance shots across the stream. A clang of hoofs rang out upon the rocks, but I could distinguish nothing indicating a large pursuing party—probably the two who were mounted at the ford, with possibly others following when they caught their strayed horses. I had little to fear from such half-hearted pursuit as this was sure to be. The swift, powerful stride of the animal I rode assured me that I was not ill mounted, and there was small chance of contact with Federal outriders before I should reach the protecting picket lines of our own army. I laughed grimly as I leaned slightly back in saddle and listened; it was like a play, so swift and exciting had been the passing events, so unexpected their ending. I wondered what plausible story the discomfited lieutenant would concoct to account for his predicament, and whether the others had yet missed me back at the Mansion House.

The stars appeared to be paling somewhat down in the east, for the coming day-dawn was already whitening the horizon. I glanced at my watch, venturing to strike a match for the purpose, and found the hour after three o'clock. Early, I knew, was at Sowder Church, and his advance cavalry pickets ought to be as far west as the Warrentown road. The distance between, by hard riding, might be covered in three hours. My horse seemed fresh, his breath came naturally and without effort, and I pressed him along rapidly, for my whole ambition now centred upon bringing the information I possessed within our own lines. Bungay, beyond doubt, had been recaptured long since, for my own experience told me how extremely vigilant were the Federal guards. To one unacquainted as he was with military customs it would prove impossible to penetrate their lines; hence, everything must depend upon my getting through in safety.

Then my thoughts drifted to the one I had left in such serious predicament. If I had loved her before, I loved her doubly now, for she had proven herself a woman among women in time of danger and trial. How clearly her face, with those dark sweet eyes and the wealth of crowning hair, rose before me, while word by word I reviewed all that had passed between us, dwelling upon each look or accent that could evince her possible interest in me. Then reason returned to my aid, and resolutely, determinedly, inspired by every instinct of soldierly honor, I resolved that I would put her from my thoughts forever. She was not mine either to love or possess, unless the uncertain fate of war should chance to set her free. Even to dream of her, to cherish her in memory while she remained the wife of another, was but an affront to her purity and womanhood. I would prove myself a man entitled to her respect, a soldier worthy my service and corps; if ever again my name chanced to find mention in her presence it should be spoken with honor.

I was musing thus, lulled by the steady lope of my horse, and totally insensible to any possibility of peril, when clear upon my ears, instantly awakening me from such reverie, there rang through the night silence the sharp clang of iron on the road behind me. All sound of pursuit had long since died away, and I supposed the effort to recapture me had been abandoned. But there was no mistaking now—at least one horseman, riding recklessly through the black night, was pressing hot upon my trail.

"The lieutenant," I thought, "the lieutenant, burning with anger at the trick played upon him, has pushed far ahead of his troop, doubtless mounted upon a better horse, determined to risk everything if he may only bring me back dead or alive."

This thought awoke me in an instant from my dreaming, and I spurred my horse furiously, glancing anxiously backward as I rode, but unable through that dense gloom to distinguish the form of my pursuer. Yet the fellow was coming, coming faster than any speed I could possibly conjure out of the weary black I bestrode, either by whip or spur. Closer and closer upon me came rushing down that pounding of iron hoofs on the hard path. Heavens! how like a very demon the man rode! As a trooper I could not withhold admiration from the reckless audacity with which the vengeful fellow bore down upon me. In spite of my utmost efforts it almost seemed as if we were standing still. Surely nothing less than hate, and a thirst for vengeance bitter as death, implacable as fate, could ride like that through the black night on the track of a hunted man!

I was able to trace dimly his outlines now as he rose on an eminence in my rear, his horse looming dark against the sky. Like those giant steeds that snorted fire in my child's picture-books at home, and then, with increasingly louder thunder of hoof-beats, he came charging straight down toward me. In sheer desperation I glanced on either side, seeking some avenue of escape, but the high banks were unscalable; my sole remaining hope lay in a shot which should drop that crazed brute before he struck and crushed me. Riding my best, with all the practised skill of the service, I swung my body sideways, bracing myself firmly in the deep saddle, and took steady aim. The hammer came down with a dull, dead click; the revolver was chargless, and with an exclamation of baffled rage I hurled the useless weapon full at the advancing brute. Almost at the instant we struck, my horse went down with the impetus, while over us both, as if shot from a cannon, plunged our pursuer, his horse turning a complete somersault, the rider falling so close that I was upon him almost as soon as he struck the ground.

A dip of the flying hoof had cut a shallow gash across my forehead, and my hair was wet with blood, yet bruised and half stunned as I was from the hard fall, my sole longing

"That's 'Bout All I Know, Cap, Till I Lit Yere."

was to reach and throttle that madman who had ridden me down in such demon style.

"You unchained devil!" I cried savagely, whirling him over upon his back, "I spared your life once tonight, but, by all the gods, I'll not do it again!"

"Flesh, Cap, is that you?" asked the voice of the other, feebly.

I started back, and lost my hold upon him.

"Bungay?" in an astonishment that nearly robbed me of utterance. "Good God, Bunt, is that really you?"

"It's what's left o' me," he answered solemnly, sitting up and feeling his head as if expecting to find it gone. "That was 'bout ther worst ride I ever took."

"I should think it likely," I exclaimed, my anger rising again as I thought of it. "What, in Heaven's name, do you mean by riding down on me like that?"

"Holy Gee, Cap," he explained penitently, "ye don't go ter think I ever did it a purpose, do ye? Why, ther gosh-durned old thing run away."

"Ran away?"

"Sure; I 've bin a hangin' on ter ther mane o' thet critter fer nigh 'pon three mile, an' a prayin' fer a feather bed fer light on. It's my last 'listment en ther cavalry, ye bet. I never seed none o' yer steam keers, but I reckon they don't go no faster ner thet blame hoss. Gosh, Cap, ye ain't got no call fer ter git mad; I couldn't a stopped her with a yoke o' steers, durned if I cud. I sorter reckon I know now 'bout whut Scott meant when he said, 'The turf the flying courser spurned,'—you bet this one did."

Jed rubbed his cheek as if it stung him, and I looked at him in the faint dawning light of day, and laughed. His peaked head and weazen face looked piteous enough, decorated as they were with the black loam through which he had ploughed; his coat was ripped from tail to collar, while one of his eyes was nearly closed where the bruised flesh had puffed up over it.

"It is a fearful strife, for man endowed with mortal life," he quoted mournfully.

"You're right," I assented. "No doubt you had the worst of it. But how came you here?"

"Why, I was a huntin' fer a hoss thar et thet picket post whin ye scared up ther bunch, an' by some sort a fule luck I got hole o' thet one, an' tuke arter ye, tho' in course I didn't know who it was raised sich a rumpus, it wus so durned dark. Ther whole blame Yankee cahoodle tuke a blaze et me, I reckon, leastwise they wus most durn keerless with ther shootin' irons, an' I rode one feller over, knocked him plum off his hoss down ther bank, kersiush inter ther water, by thunder, an' then ther derned critter I wus a straddlin' bolted. Thet's 'bout all I know, Cap, till I lit yere."

There was no doubting the truth of his story, and I held out my hand. "You're a good man, Jed," I said heartily, "and so long as we are both alive, a few hard jolts won't hurt us. Let's see if the horses are in any condition for service."

A single glance told the story. The black mare was browsing by the roadside, apparently little the worse for the shock, although a thin line of blood trickled slowly down her flank. But the big roan had not been so fortunate, and lay, head under, stone dead in the middle of the narrow road. Bungay gazed at the motionless figure mournfully.

"'Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day, that cost thy life, my gallant gray,'" he recited solemnly, "only it's a roan, an' I ain't so durn sorry either."

Regrets of any nature, however, were vain, and as the little man positively refused to ride, I mounted again. He trudging along manfully beside me, the two of us set forth once more, our faces turned toward the red dawn.

CHAPTER XXI.

Reinforcements for Early.

"Come, Wayne, wake up, man!" Captain, I say, you must turn out of this."

I opened my eyes with a struggle and looked up. The golden glow of sunlight along the white wall told me the day must be already well advanced, and I saw the lieutenant of my troop, Colgate, bending over me, attired in service uniform.

"What is it, Jack?"

"We have been ordered north on forced march to join Early, and the command has already started. I have delayed calling you until the final moment, but knew you would never forgive being left behind."

Before he had finished I was upon the floor, dressing with that rapidity acquired by years of practice, my mind thoroughly aroused to the thought of active service once more.

"Was it the news I brought in yesterday, Colgate, which has stirred this up?" I questioned, hastily dipping into a basin of water.

"I imagine it must have been, sir," replied the Lieutenant, leaning back comfortably upon a cracker-box, which formed our solitary chair. "Things have been on the move ever since, and it certainly resembles an advance of some importance. Staff officers at it all night long. McDaniel's division off at daylight, while we go out ahead of Slayton's troops. Reede was in beastly good humor when he brought the orders; that usually means a fight."

"Any artillery?"

"Sloan's and Rocke's batteries are with us; did not learn who went out with McDaniel's. Longstreet has crossed the White Briar."

"Yes, I know," I said, drawing on the last of my equipments, and quickly glancing about to assure myself I had overlooked nothing likely to be of value. "All ready, Jack, and now for another 'dance of death.'"

Our regiment was drawn up in the square of the little town, and as we came forth into the glorious sunlight, the stentorian voice of the Colonel called them into column of fours. Staff officers, gray with dust from their all-night service, were riding briskly along the curb, while at the corner of our town, just debouching from one of the side streets appeared the head of a division of infantry. We had barely time to swing into the saddles of the two horses awaiting us, and ride swiftly to the head of our command, when the short, stern orders rolled along the motionless line of troopers, and the long, silent column swung out to the northward, the feet of the horses raising a thick cloud of red dust which fairly enveloped us in its choking folds.

With the ardor of young manhood I looked forward to the coming battle, when I knew the mighty armies of North and South would once again contest for the fertile Shenandoah. It was to be American pitted against American, a struggle ever worthy of the gods. Slowly I rode back down the files of my men, marking their alignment and accoutrements with practised eye, smiling grimly as I noted their eager faces, war-worn and bronzed by exposure, yet reanimated by hope of active service. As I watched them thus, I thought again of those many other faces who once rode as these men did now, but who had died for duty even as these also might yet be called upon to die. One hundred and three strong, gay in bright new uniforms, with unstained banner kissing the breeze above our proud young heads, we rode hopefully forth from Charlottesville scarce three years before, untried, undisciplined, unknown, to place our lives willingly upon the scared altar of our native State. What speechless years of horror those had been; what history we had written with our naked steel; what scenes of suffering and death lay along that bloody path we travelled! To-day, down the same red road, our eyes still set grimly to the northward, our flag a torn and ragged remnant, barely forty men wore the "D" between the crossed sabres on their slouched brown hats, in spite of all recruiting. The cheer in my heart was for the living; the tear in my eye was for the dead.

"Colgate," I said gravely, as I ranged up beside him at the rear of the troop, "the men look exceedingly well, and do not appear to have suffered greatly because of short rations."

"Oh, the lads are always in fine fettle when they expect a fight," he answered, his own eyes dancing as he swept them over that straight line of backs in his front. "They'll scrap the better for being a bit hungry,—it makes them savage. Beats all, Captain, what foolish notions some of those people on the other side have of us Southerners. They seem to think we are entirely different from themselves; yet I reckon it would puzzle any recruiting officer up yonder to show a finer lot of fighting men than those fellows ahead there."

I rode slowly forward to my own position at the head of the troop. As I swung my horse into our accustomed position I was too deeply buried in reflection to be clearly conscious of much that was occurring about me. Suddenly, however, I became aware that some one, nearly obscured by the enveloping cloud of dust, was riding without the column, in an independence of military discipline not to be permitted. In the state of mind I was then in this discovery strangely irritated me.

"Sergeant," I questioned sharply, of the raw-boned trooper at the end of the first platoon, "what fellow is that riding out yonder?"

"It's ther pesky little cuss as come in with ye yesterday, sir," he returned with a grin. "He's confiscated a mule somewhar an' says he's a goin' back hum 'long o' we uns."

Curious to learn how Jed had emerged from his arduous adventures, I spurred my horse alongside of him. The little man, bending forward dubiously, as if fearful of accident, was riding bareback on a gaunt, long-legged mule, which, judging from all outward appearances, must have been some discarded asset of the quartermaster's department.

"Going home, Jed?" I asked, as he glanced up and saw me.

"Jist as durn quick as I kin git thar," he returned emphatically. "By gum, Cap, I ain't bin away from Mariar long as this afore in twelve year. Reckon she thinks I've skedaddled fer good this time, an' 'ill be a takin' up with some other male critter lest I git back thar mighty sudden. Women's odd, Cap, durn nigh as ornary 'bout some things as a mule."

He eyed his mount critically.

"Durned if ever I thought I'd git astraddle o' any four-legged critter agin," he said, rubbing himself as if in sudden and painful recollection of the past. "But I sorter picked up this yere mule down et ther corral, an' he's tew durn wore out a totin' things fer you uns ter ever move offen a walk. I sorter reckon it's a heap easier a sittin' yere than ter take it afut all ther way ter ther mountings."

It was long after dark the second day when, thoroughly wearied, we turned into an old tobacco field and made camp for the night. To right and left of our position glowed the cheery fires, telling where Early's command bivouacked in line of battle. From the low range of hills in front of where we rested one could look across an intervening valley, and see far off to the northward the dim flames which marked the position of the enemy. Down in the mysterious darkness between, divided only by a swift and narrow stream, were the blue and gray pickets. The opposing forces were sleeping on their arms, making ready for the death grip on the morrow.

As I lay there thinking, wondering what might be my fate before another nightfall, there constantly in my half-dreams the fair face of a woman, which made me more of a coward than I had ever felt myself before, I was partially aroused by the droning tones of a voice close at hand. Lifting myself on one elbow I glanced curiously around to see where it originated what was occurring. Clustered about a roaring fire of rails were a dozen troopers, and in the midst of them, occupying the post of honor upon an empty powder keg, was Bungay, enthusiastically reciting Scott. I caught a line or two:

"'At once there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,
As all the fiends from heaven that fell
Had pealed the battle-cry of hell.'"

and then the drowsy god pressed down my heavy eyelids, and I fell asleep.

(Continued next Week.)

Pots of Glass.

A process has recently been invented in France to produce glass flower pots at very low cost. The pots are like ordinary flower pots, both in size and shape. They are said to be more substantial and have proved to resist the pressure of ice or frozen earth better. Being handsome in appearance, they are fine for potted sale coverings that soon get soiled. When sunk into the earth they remain clean, as neither dirt nor moss adheres. The inside walls being smooth, plants can easily be slipped out, and they are, therefore, excellent for potting plants with many roots. The thickness of the glass, with the consequent lack of porosity, is also said to be an advantage, for the air remains sweet longer in a glass pot than in an ordinary pot, and there is less danger of its going out. While the initial cost of glass pots is somewhat higher, they are really cheaper in the end, because more durable.

In Mr. Balfour's Early Days.

Apparently Mr. Balfour's powers as a politician did not impress those with whom he came into contact during his early days. According to that famous veteran parliamentarian, Sir John Eldon Gorst, who was a prominent member of the famous "fourth party" to which Mr. Balfour first attached himself, no one expected that Arthur Balfour would one day be a leading statesman and premier. Says Sir John, "He was a good speaker when others inspired him, but we did not take him very seriously. His aesthetic tastes and love of music were something of a joke among us. So much so, in fact, that Lord Randolph Churchill would say:

"'Go and take my wife to a concert, Balfour, while I stay at home and talk real business.'"

The Natural Trend.

"I know of one place which should be a paradise for real estate men, the ground rents show such activity."

"Where is that?"

"In the earthquake region."

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F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 29, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
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Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S., Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.
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I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in Holder Hall.
JOHN PICKERSHILL, S.
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Episcopal—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 3:30 p. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport. Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

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Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHEBURNE, Prop.
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This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

RAMP CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

C. J. Vanblad
Practical Horseshoer.
We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of
HORSESHOEING
and
BLACKSMITHING
in a satisfactory manner.

INSURANCE!
Life, Fire & Accident
—WRITTEN BY—
W. F. SPECHT,
Smethport, Pa.
In good reliable companies

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

EMIL THAMM
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

NO HANDCUFFS IN FRANCE

Some Ingenious Methods by Which the Police There Keep Prisoners From Escaping.

Scarcely a day passes without a picture appearing in the French press of a prisoner being led off to the station by a policeman and the description, "The Apache being taken away handcuffed by the agents." As a matter of fact handcuffs are altogether out of date in France and are never used.

Instead of the bracelets every policeman carries a "cabriolet," which is a very rough and ingeniously made [illegible] nuke watch chain nine inches long with a stout wooden crossbar at either end. [illegible] over the wrists of an offender in a twinkling and with both the crossbars in his hand has only to give it a twist to inflict the most excruciating pain and compel instant and lamblike submission.

Another favorite method of preventing escape is to make the prisoner place both his hands in his side trousers pockets and then pass a string round his wrists and round his waist and bid him march. He can walk at a very quiet pace, but any attempt to run out of a shambling trot immediately brings him down, nose to the pavement.

If no string is handy all the brace buttons of the trousers are cut off and the culprit is made again to put his hands in his pockets. As in the former case, he can only walk, since so soon as he frees his hands his nether garments fall about his legs and he is "entrave" in the latest fashion.

Few of these devices are apparent to the casual passerby, who often wonders at the passive docility with which some villainous looking individual under arrest follows his captor to the station. Sometimes on a country road one may meet a couple of gendarmes on foot or on horseback, leading a prisoner between them.

This is in obedience to a quaint regulation whereby prisoners are never sent by train from place to place, as there are no funds set apart for railway fares. Consequently four or five times as much is spent in food, drink and lodging for the escort as would be for the ticket; but the regulations are observed. In such cases the police often use the "poucettes," though strictly speaking this instrument is not legal.

It is a sort of loose thumbscrew which is fixed so as to keep the two thumbs comfortably together so long as the man does not struggle, but a twist of the string held by one of the police is enough to destroy any wish to escape.—London Standard.

Japanese Custom.

A common complaint made by tourists in Japan is that they are obliged to pay for everything far higher prices than the natives are charged; or, in other words, that because they are foreigners they are fleeced. But a glance at the social conditions by which the people have been educated would reveal the curious fact that throughout Japan's long period of isolation it was an accepted principle that the rich must live for the sake of the poor, and prices have always been based upon the purchaser's rank in society or upon his presumed ability to pay. This understanding remains largely in force today, being fully recognized and acted upon by all favored classes throughout the empire. The occidental, coming from lands where the reverse practically holds good—the poor living for the sake of the rich—naturally complains of being robbed, as from his point of view he really is; but it is not because he is a foreigner, but because, being a tourist, he is presumably wealthy, and must, therefore, conform to the custom of the country which permits the poor to levy a tax upon the rich without thereby incurring the slightest imputation of dishonesty. — Arthur May Knapp, in December Atlantic.

George Junior Republic.

The George Junior Republic is a community established in 1895, near Freeville, New York, by W. R. George as a method of reform in the treatment of dependent and delinquent children. The organization is similar to that of a miniature republic. It has a constitution based upon that of the United States, and the government of the community is carried on in the same way. At first the founder was president with other adults holding the most important offices, but from 1896 all offices have been held by citizens. Each citizen may work for the founder or for other citizens who contract for labor. All purchases are made with the republic's own coin, later redeemed by United States currency. School is held and farming, carpentry, printing, care of the establishment, dressmaking, domestic service and cookery are the other activities followed. The entrance age is from twelve to eighteen.

Fugile Worry.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., at a recent dinner in New York, said of success:

'Success depends a good deal on the recognition of values. The successful man knows what is important and what is unimportant. He doesn't waste time over trifles. That, he knows, would be as silly as the Tarrytown girl's course.

"A Tarrytown girl, after reading a letter from her fiance, said pettishly:

"'I do wish Joe would learn to write more clearly. I can't tell from this postscript whether he is sending me 10,000 or 100,000 kisses.'"

Gretchen's Ghost

By Dorothy Blackmore

The ringing of the telephone bell startled Gretchen.

"Hello!" she said, taking down the receiver. "Yes—this is Gretchen. Yes— Oh, Helen, I'm so sorry." She paused and the color left her cheeks, but she tried to steady her voice as she answered. "Oh, no, I—I won't be afraid—that is, not much. No—don't worry. Good night."

She hung up the receiver and bowed her head on the telephone box, trembling like a leaf. She was not a coward, but the prospect of a night alone in the bungalow in the woods was not at all to Gretchen Harden's liking. Her sister and brother-in-law with whom she was spending the summer and autumn had missed the last train to the country and would remain in town, perforce. The maid of all work was gone for the week-end and Gretchen was alone.

It was November and the most melancholy time of the year to the girl. She disliked the eerie sounds of the autumn winds and the whirling of the leaves about the porches and walks. And tonight the winds whistled persistently down the chimneys and under the eaves of the little house.

After a few minutes in which she tried to conquer the fear that had overcome her at the first awful thought of being alone, she raised her head and determined to do something to keep her mind occupied. She sat in the cozy chair before the fire in the big living-room and tried to sew, but that gave her too much time to think—and listen. She tried to play the piano and sing and she turned on all the lights so as to lend an air of gayety to the occasion. But her voice trembled and her fingers would not strike the right keys—all of which made fearful discord in her soul and only added to the inharmonious sounds without. Then she tried

"She Sat Bolt Upright."

to read but she soon found herself listening instead of understanding the words her eyes mechanically read. Finally, in despair, she threw herself on the couch and buried her face in the cushions determined to shut out all sounds and overcome her nervousness.

For some time she lay quiet and thought she might be able to sleep—nothing would have induced her to go to her room and prepare herself for a regular night's sleep. Presently she sat bolt upright, her eyes as big and shining as if they had never known slumber. Her heart fairly thumped and she clasped her hands together tightly. Above the howling of the wind she could hear, distinctly, the sound of something on the roof of the porch. She could have screamed with terror but her voice seemed almost to have left her. She listened and the sounds were more distinct. Someone must certainly be walking on the roof!

Gretchen thought of the telephone and of the Grahams in the big house down on the water's edge. True, the woods—dark and lonely—were between them but, if only she get in touch with some human being she felt that she might be able to breathe again.

She managed, with effort, to get the number and was told that the family was down in the grove at an open air performance. The housekeeper who answered the phone asked what she could do and Gretchen, in her fear and panic, begged the woman to come to her and promised to meet her half way. It was impossible, she explained, for her to remain another moment in that terrible situation.

After hanging up the receiver once more she wrapped a shawl about her and dashed out of the front door looking neither to right nor left. Down the garden path she ran and into the stretch of woodland that joined the big Graham home with the little bungalow they rented out in summer. Like a deer she flew, never once looking back at the house she had left open and lighted from one end to the other.

Presently she stopped short and pulled the shawl tightly about her. "Oh-h!" she shrieked. "Oh-h!" and her blood seemed to stop in its course.

Before her, picking steps stealthily through the little woodland trail, was a figure clad in white. It walked noiselessly as if, in its ghostly way, it would come unaware upon anyone who chanced to be out that night.

Hearing the shriek, the ghostly figure stopped and peered back into the darkness of the woods.

"Hello!" it cried.

Gretchen gave one more faint cry and fell to the ground. Her overtaxed nerves had given way and, for the first time in her life, she fainted.

The figure called again in masculine tones, "Hello!" Getting no answer and seeing no more moving vision in the darkness, he sought Gretchen.

Almost stumbling upon her, he stopped and bent over the girl. He felt her cold hand; then, without further delay, he picked her up in his arms and followed the trail.

Straight toward the pipe of electric lights in the garden he went, carrying his burden as gently as possible. After a moment Gretchen stirred in his arms and opened her eyes in a wild, dazed fashion.

"Oh," she sighed in a tremulous little voice. "The—ghost—where is it? Where—"

The man placed her gently on her feet. "I—I'm afraid I frightened you," he began. "You fainted when I called hello. I—I supoge this ghastly Greek costume in the darkness of the woods would look spooky."

Gretchen looked at him and it all came back to her—her fright and flight.

"I was running to the Graham house for protection," she explained, "and—"

"And not knowing we were giving a late autumn production of Pygmalion and Galatea in the open air, you thought this white clad actor—amateur as I am—was a ghost! And I don't blame you," the man laughed. "Come—let me take you to the house. I was on my way from the dressing tent to the grove."

Gretchen explained who she was and that she was meeting the housekeeper who had kindly offered to come and meet her. All the time the man in Greek costume was trying to see the face of the girl he had carried in his arms and whose voice so charmed him.

"Is that you, Miss Harden?" asked a voice.

"It is, Mrs. Conklin," Gretchen answered, recognizing the good Irish brogue of the housekeeper who had answered the telephone. "I came to further grief."

The man at her side laughed. "Grief—thunks," he could not help saying.

"I beg your pardon," Gretchen hastened to say.

Mrs. Conklin joined them. "Oh, it's Mr. Arthur in his play clothes," she said. "Did he frighten you?"

Gretchen had to admit that he did and then the young man—the eldest son of the house of Graham just returned from two years of travel, insisted that the housekeeper remain the night with Miss Harden in the bungalow since that young woman would not consent to going on to the big house.

He escorted them back to the bungalow and while the members of the amateur company back in the out-of-door studio of Pygmalion, the sculptor, gave cue after cue for the missing member, the little play came to dire disaster and Arthur Graham lingered on the bungalow porch. He had forgotten all about his role of Mimos.

"But—listen," Gretchen cried, suddenly. "That's what frightened me so terribly—that dropping, knocking sound on the roof."

They all listen for a moment and then Arthur Graham burst into laughter. "It's nothing but the chestnuts dropping from the trees to the roof!"

"Oh!" Gretchen cried, a blush of shame at her own cowardice overcoming her.

"I'll come back in the morning to see that nothing worse than chestnuts comes to harm you," the young man said as he took leave of Gretchen and Mrs. Conklin.

And wise Mrs. Conklin knew, in her good Irish heart, that it was not harm but a great happiness that had come to play a part in the lives of the two young people that night.

"Any such romantic beginning is sure to end in the right way," she soliloquized as she fell asleep amid the strange surroundings of the little bungalow in the woods.

Patrick's Preference.

The bugle sounded. Into the barrack square marched the regiment, then formed a hollow square and waited.

For it was an important occasion. Patrick Dolan, a scarred and sunburnt warrior, was to receive some little token of his country's gratitude. A particularly notable act of bravery had brought Patrick into the limelight.

"Men," said the officer commanding, "I am proud to pin this medal on the breast of Patrick Dolan—a Briton and a hero! And, under a special order, I shall also place £5 to his credit in the bank, as some little reward for his gallant conduct."

Patrick stepped forward, and, as heroes do, looked uncomfortable. Still, there was one request he wanted to make.

"If—if it's all the same to you, sorr," he blurted out, "I'd rather ye'd pin the £5 note on me chist, and place the medal to me credit at the bank, sorr!"—London Mirror.

Which Is Worse?

"Many a man has never recovered from the blow when some woman turned him down."

"And many a man has never recovered from the blow when some woman turned him up."

A Gentle Hint.

Pass on, young man, if the girl keeps her fingers between the pages of the book when you stop to tell her about yourself.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Millinery for Winter.

My Millinery display for Fall and Winter is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct thing in ladies' and children's headgear, call on

CARRIE CLARK.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE of sundry writs of Fieri Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias and Testatum Fieri Facias, issued out of the court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House in the Borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1912,

at 1 o'clock p. m., the following described pieces of property:

1.

Defendant's interest in all that certain household estate situate in Hamilton Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, bounded subtantially as follows: On the north by Lands of Frank Morrison; on the east by Lands of H. & C. Culver; on the south by lands of Lot number Sixty-two (62); on the west by Lands of Andrew Kibbley and Frank Morrison containing fifty acres (50 A.) more or less. Being the same household estate that was conveyed by South Penn Oil Company to Allen E. Fuller by deed dated November 16, 1905, and recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County, Pa., in Deed Book 126, page 56&c.

Together with an eight-horse-power gas engine, 2 oil wells, rigs, machinery, tubing, casing, steam, gas and water lines, linkage, fittings, connections and appurtenances now situated thereon and to the same belonging.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the *property of W. L. Wakeley* at suits of J. J. Brookmire.

S. A. Krantz, Plaintiff's Atty.

2.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land, situate in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 3210, being Lot No. 62 Welsh Street, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post on the east line of Welsh street, one hundred twenty-five (125 ft.) feet northward of the northeast corner of Welsh and Janeway streets, said post marking the northwest corner of land of Erickson; thence along the east line of said Welsh street, north twenty degrees west forty feet (N. 20 degrees W. 40 ft.) to a post; thence along the south line of Lot No. 63 north seventy degrees east, *one hundred feet* (N. 70 degrees E. 100 ft.) to a post; thence south, twenty degrees east, forty feet (S. 20 degrees E. 40 ft.) to a post; thence along the north line of Thomas and Erickson, south seventy degrees west, one hundred feet (S. 70 degrees W., but ft.) to the place of beginning. Containing *four thousand square feet* (4,000 sq. ft.) of land, more or less. The above described being the same premises conveyed by George W. Wood and Iris F. Wood, his wife, by deed dated the thirteenth day of September, A. D. 1905, and recorded about the time of the recording of these presents. Improved and having thereon one two-story frame dwelling.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the *property of Theodore H. Emmett* at suit of Kane Bank and Trust Company, a Corporation.

Thos. J. Dolphin, Plaintiff's Atty.

3.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece of land in the Township of Liberty, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, more particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at the northeast corner of lot conveyed to Isaac Mitchell by P. H. Goodyear; thence south ten (10) degrees west one hundred and eleven (111) perches to a post; thence south fifty-four (54) degrees east eighty four (84) perches to a post; thence north eighty four and one-half (84½) degrees east thirty-five (35) perches to post; thence north twelve (12) degrees west one hundred and five (105) perches to a post; thence north forty-nine degrees west eighty-one (81) perches to the place of beginning, containing fifty-six and eighteen hundredths (56.18) acres, be the same more or less, and being the east part of land conveyed to N. N. Metcalf by P. H. Goodyear. This being the same parcel of land conveyed to *Joseph Hunter and Anna Hunter* by C. N. Mattison by deed dated April 28, 1905, and recorded in McKean County records in Deed Book Vol. 145, at page 475, etc.

Unimproved.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the *property of Joseph Hunter and Anna Hunter* at suit of Samuel W. Smith, to use of Coudersport Trust Company.

Thos. H. Morrison, Plaintiff's Atty.

4.

Defendants' interest in all those certain pieces, parcels or tracts of land situate in Liberty Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

(1) Beginning at a post the southwest corner of Lot No. 286, Liberty Township; thence west forty-five (45) perches to a post corner; thence north seventy-two (72) degrees west eighty-four (84) perches to a post corner; thence north twelve (12) degrees west one hundred forty-three (143) perches to a corner; thence north twenty-six and one-fourth degrees east five (5) perches to the westerly corner of land of B. H. Russell; thence by said line of same south sixty-five (65) degrees east, one hundred fifty (150) perches to the southeast corner of the same; thence south by the county line one hundred forty (140) perches to the place of beginning, containing one hundred thirty-nine (139) acres be the same more or less, and being part of lot No. 292 aforesaid. Improved and having thereon erected small house and barn and out building; also having small orchard growing thereon.

(2) Beginning at a post the southeast corner of land of Jerry Cummings, thence N. forty-six (46) degrees east five (5) perches to a corner of the same; thence east eighty-one (81) perches to a post in the county line standing seventy-seven (77) perches S. from the northeast corner of lot No. 290; thence by north line of lands of B. H. Russell sixty-two (62) degrees W. one hundred forty-five (145) perches to the westerly corner of the same; thence N. twenty-six and one-fourth (26¼) degrees east thirty-six (36) perches to the place of beginning, containing twenty (20) acres be the same more or less and being part of lot No. 290 aforesaid. Unimproved.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Joseph Hunter and *Anna Hunter at suit of Samuel W. Smith*, to use of Coudersport Trust Company.

Thos. H. Morrison, Plaintiff's Atty.

5.

Defendants' interest in all that certain lot of land situate in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point marking the northeast corner of Tionesta Avenue and Ash Street; thence by the north line of Ash Street east one hundred and ninety-five feet to the west line of an alley; thence north by said west line of alley, one hundred feet to land of Andrew Wilkinson; thence west by line of land of said Wilkinson, one hundred ninety-five feet to the east line of Tionesta Avenue; thence by said east line of Tionesta Avenue, one hundred feet to the place of beginning. Containing nineteen thousand five hundred (19,500) square feet of land more or less. Improved and having thereon erected one two-story frame dwelling. Being the same premises which George F. Ryder, et ux., by their deed dated August 7, 1899, and recorded in the Recorder's Office in Deed Book 110, page 542, granted and conveyed unto Hannah B. Redell, as by reference to which the same will more fully and at large appear.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Hannah B. Redell, and Andrew Redell, her husband, at suit of *State Capital Savings & Loan Association* of Harrisburg, Pa.

J. W. Swartz, Thos. J. Dolphin, Plaintiff's Attys.

6.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at the northeast corner of Lot No. 62 Welsh Street, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the south line of Greeves Street two hundred and twenty feet (220 ft.) from the northeast corner of Greeves and Clay Streets; thence along the south line of said Greeves street (30 feet from the center line thereof) (N. 70 degrees E.) fifty feet to a post; thence at right angles thereto along the west line of lot No. 128 (S. 20 degrees E.) one hundred and fifty feet to a post; thence parallel with said Greeves Street (S. 70 degrees W.) fifty feet to a post; thence *at right angles* to said Greeves street and along the east line of a twenty feet wide alley, 18.20 degrees W.) one hundred and fifty feet to the place of beginning. Containing 7,500 square feet of land, improved, and having thereon erected one two-story frame dwelling house and usual outbuildings.

The above described being the same premises conveyed by Elizabeth D. Kane to J. Warren Groves and Cecil C. Groves by deed dated April 6th, 1908, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds in McKean County in Deed Book, Vol. No. 142, page 291, &c.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of J. Warren Groves and Cecil C. Groves at suits of Mutual Guarantee Building & Loan Association, a Corporation.

H. G. Berkhouse, Plaintiff's Atty.

7.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 3210, being Lot No. 62 Hacker Street, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post in the west line of Hacker Street two hundred fifty feet north of the northwest corner of Hacker and Haines Streets, being the northeast corner of Lot No. 61; thence by said Lot No. 61, south seventy degrees west one hundred feet to a post; thence north twenty degrees west fifty feet to a post; thence north seventy degrees east one hundred feet to a post; thence by the west line of Hacker street fifty feet from the center line thereof, south twenty degrees east fifty feet to the place of beginning, containing 5,000 square feet of land, more or less, together with one frame dwelling house and other improvements thereon. Being the same property conveyed by Robert C. Sharp and Ellen Sharp, his wife, to H. H. Clayson, by deed dated March 5, 1900, recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County, in Deed Book Vol. 110, page 511, etc., and subject to any exceptions, conditions, restrictions or reservations mentioned or referred to in last above named conveyance; and being the same premises described in an article of agreement made between H. H. Clayson and Annie Monison, dated July 16, 1903.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Mrs. Annie Monison at suit of H. H. Clayson.

R. J. Campbell, Plaintiff's Atty.

8.

Defendant's interest in all those two contiguous lots or parcels of land situate, lying and being in the Township of Lee aforesaid, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

1st. BEGINNING at a point in the public road being the northeast corner of a lot sold by Wm. K. King to the School Directors of Elgrad Township, State and County aforesaid; thence by the public road 73 degrees east; 9.85 rods to a post; thence south 17 rods to the north line of Pennsylvania Railroad Land; thence by said railroad line westerly to the southeast corner of school house lot aforesaid; thence by east line of said lot north 17.2 rods to a post of beginning, containing one acre of land, more or less, together with the water rights in a spring on lands of Matt Keeney as conveyed to said Willard Olmstead by Jacob Gender, et ux., by deed duly recorded and hereby and hereinafter referred to more particularly.

2nd. BEGINNING at a stone corner in the center of the public road being the northeast corner of a lot surveyed to Wm. K. King upon Warrant issued out of the office of the Surveyor General of Pennsylvania, dated March 24th, A. D. 1857; thence south 1½ rods to a post; thence east 10 rods to a post; thence north 17.6 rods to the center of the public road; thence by center of public road south 72 degrees west 10.5 rods to the place of beginning, containing one acre, being the same lands and water rights conveyed to said Willard M. C. Olmstead by Jacob Gender et ux., by deed dated Oct. 1st, 1908, and recorded in said McKean County in Deed Book Vol. No. 151, at page 503, etc., and hereby referred to.

Improved and having thereon a one-and-one-half story frame dwelling house with good cellar, small barn and usual out-buildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Willard Olmstead at suit of George Wolcott.

E. R. Mayo & Son, Plaintiff's Attys.

9.

Defendant's interest in all that piece of land lying in the Township of Keating, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, which is bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post the northeast corner of lot No. 143 deeded to N. Fulsome; thence east 50.6 perches to a post the southeast corner of lot No. 157; thence south 132 perches to a hemlock the southwest corner of lot No. 145; thence east 31 perches to a post corner; thence south 23.5 perches to a post corner of lot No. 147; thence west 111.6 perches to a post the southeast corner of lot No. 142; thence north 170.4 perches to the place of beginning. Containing 96.6 acres and being lot No. 141 of the Keating & Company allotment of lands in the township aforesaid and a part of warrant No. 2003.

Improved and having thereon situated two-story frame dwelling house, frame barn and usual out-buildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of V. J. McGill at suit of John Forrest and Mary H. Forrest, Executors of the last will and testament of Byron D. Hamlin, deceased.

John Forrest, Plaintiff's Atty.

10.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate in the Boro of Kane, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 3210, being lot No. 61, Janeway Street, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the north line of Janeway Street, four hundred feet eastward of the northeast corner of Hacker and Janeway Streets; thence by the north line of Janeway Street (thirty feet from the center thereof), north seventy degrees east, fifty feet; thence by lot No. 99 at a right angle to Janeway street, north twenty degrees west, one hundred and fifty feet; thence parallel to Janeway Street, south seventy degrees west, fifty feet; thence by lot No. 55, south twenty degrees east, one hundred and fifty feet to the place of beginning. Containing seventy-five hundred square feet more or less.

Improved and having thereon erected one two-story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Esther Nichols and Sam Nichols at suit of John Westerberg, now for use of John V. Osterhaut.

Huey & Hubbard, Plaintiff's Attys.

11.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in the Township of Liberty, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a small beech on the south bank of the Allegany River, being the northeast corner of the De Newville lot No. 145 of the Keating and Company allotment of lands in the said Township; thence down the river in a northwesterly direction by the several courses thereof to the northwest corner of the said De Newville lot; thence south 155 perches to a hemlock corner; thence east 105 perches to a post corner; thence north 125 perches to the place of beginning, containing one hundred acres strict measure be the same more or less, and being part of Warrant No. 1358, excepting and reserving therefrom 21.9 acres conveyed to A. S. Arnold by H. T. Abbey and wife, by deed dated Sept. 8th, 1881, recorded in deed book "O," page 220, etc., of McKean County Records, and being the same lands conveyed to William H. Schoonover by M. S. Comes and wife by deed dated November 13, 1897, recorded Nov. 27, 1897, in deed book No. 93, page 185, etc.

Improved and having thereon situated one two-story frame dwelling house, frame barn and usual out-buildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of William H. Schoonover at suit of M. S. Comes.

John N. Apple, Plaintiff's Atty.

12.

Defendant's interest in all those certain two pieces or parcels of land situate in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows. First:—All that certain lot or piece of ground situate in the village of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania on the east side of Fraley Street, described as lot No. 2, otherwise numbered seventy (70) of block four (4) and further described as the second lot, numbering from the lot of Robert Lafferty north, being the middle lot between Robert Lafferty's lot and the lot on the said block four (4) at the intersection of Fraley Street and Greeves Street; measuring in front on Fraley Street forty (40) feet and in depth one hundred (100).

Second:—All that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 3210 on Fraley Street in the said borough, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post in the east side of Fraley street marking the northwest corner of land heretofore conveyed to Neil McCuen et al, Trustees; thence by the east side of said street, thirty (30) feet from the center thereof, north twenty three and eighteenths (23&10) feet; thence perpendicular thereto east one hundred (100) feet; thence parallel thereto south twenty-three and eighteenths (23 8-10) feet; thence perpendicular thereto west one hundred (100) feet to the place of beginning, containing two thousand three hundred and eighty (2380) square feet more or less.

Being the same premises conveyed to Neil McKeown, Robert Campbell, Charles Everson, Smith Wesley, John Beckelwand, J. D. Barnes, Trustees, by William Riddle and Thomas L. Kane, Trustees, by deed dated October 10, 1871, and recorded in the Office of the Recorder of Deeds at Smethport, McKean Deed Book —, pages 153 and 154, and to ——— by Robert Campbell, R. M. Campbell, M. W. Moffitt, H. J. Jones, G. W. Campbell and W. J. Armstrong, Trustees, by Elam O'N. Kane, by deed dated December 1, 1880, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds at Smethport, Pennsylvania, in Deed Book No. 23, page 120, &c. And to the Methodist Episcopal Church of Kane, Pennsylvania, by Elizabeth D. Kane, by deed dated July 7th, 1905, and recorded in the Office of the Recorder of Deeds at Smethport, Pa., Deed Book Vol. 124, page 149, &c., and by the Methodist Episcopal Church of Kane, Pennsylvania, to Willard Park Merrell, by deed dated May 28, one thousand nine hundred and six. Recorded May 29, 1906, in Deed Book 137, page 481.

Improved and having thereon erected one three-story brick block known as the Merrell Building.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Willard Park Merrell at suit of The First National Bank of Kane, Pa., now for use of A. A. Clearwater.

Huey & Hubbard, Plaintiff's Attys.

13.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the Township of Corydon, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, described as follows, viz:—Beginning at the intersection of the Willow Creek Road, with the Coffee Run Road; thence up the said Willow Creek Road, south 30¾ degrees east 37 rods to a stake; thence south 61¾ degrees east 9.48 rods to the northwest corner of sub-division No. 22; thence south 12.65 rods to a post in the north line of No. 19; thence west 17.5 rods to the northwest corner of sub-division No. 16; thence northerly 46 rods to the southwest corner of sub-division No. 14; thence east 13.2 rods to the centre of said Coffee Run Road; thence down the said road 15½ degrees east 22.56 rods; thence north 3½ degrees east 22.72 rods to the southeast corner of E. Payne's land; thence north 4½ degrees west 21½ rods to a stake; thence north 21½ degrees west 15.6 rods; thence north 11 degrees 40 minutes east 27 rods to the place of beginning, containing seventy-one and one-half (71½) acres of land, and known as sub-divisions Nos. 15 and 23 and surveyed and plotted by Boyd Marsh, in Warrant No. 3210.

Excepting and reserving all the rights of one Collins or his assigns, which they may have or hold under or pursuant to a lease to said Collins of said premises for all purposes for twenty years from the date thereof. Subject also to a right of way for a railroad over and across said lands.

Improved and having thereon erected a two-story frame house and barn.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the *property of Horace G. Cox* at suit of Amelia Furlow.

Thos. H. Morrison, Plaintiff's Atty.

M. C. BAIN,
Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., February 7, 1912.

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